



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

From the bust at Stratford-on-Avon

A FIFTEENTH
CENTURY
ANTHOLOGY

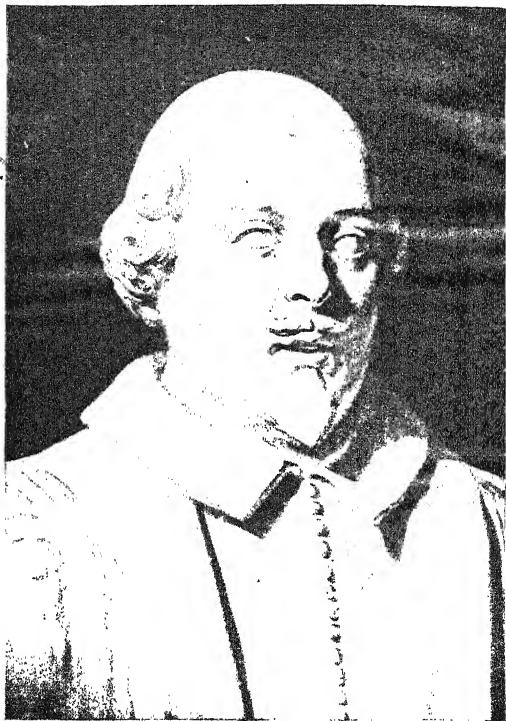
EDITED

BY

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The great period of English poetry begins half-way through the sixteenth century, and lasts half-way into the seventeenth. In the poetry strictly of the sixteenth century, before the drama had absorbed poetry into the substance of its many energies, verse is used as speech, and becomes song by way of speech. It was the age of youth, and rejoiced, as youth does, in scarcely tried strength and in the choice of adventure. And it was an adventure to write. Soldiers and voyagers, Sidney, Raleigh, led the way as on horses and in ships. It is Raleigh, in the preface to a deeply meditated "History of the World", who speaks gallantly of "leisure to have made myself a fool in print". New worlds had been found beyond the sea, and were to be had for the finding in all the regions of the mind. There were buried worlds of the mind which had lately been dug up, lands had been newly colonized, in Italy and in France; a kind of second nature, it seemed to men in those days, which might be used not less freely than nature itself. And, just as the Renaissance in Italy was a new discovery of the mind, through a return to what had been



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found out in antiquity and buried during the Middle Ages, so, in England, poetry came to a consciousness of itself by way of what had already been discovered by poets like Petrarch and Ronsard, and even their later apes and mimics, Serafino or Desportes, among those spoils. Poetry had to be re-awakened, and these were the messengers of dawn. Once awakened, the English tongue could but sing, for a while, to borrowed tunes; yet it sang with its own voice, and the personal accent brought a new quality into the song. Song-writers and sonnet-writers, when they happened to be poets, found out themselves by the way, and not least when they thought they were doing honour to a foreign ideal.

And it was an age of music. Music, too, had come from Italy, and had found for once a home here. Music, singing, and dancing made then, and then only, the "merry England" of the phrase. And the words, growing out of the same soil as the tunes, took equal root. Champion sums up for us a whole period, and the song-books have preserved for us names, but for them unknown, of perfect craftsmen in the two arts. Every man, by the mere feeling and fashion of the time, took care

"to write

Worthy the reading and the world's delight".

It was an age of personal utterance; and men spoke frankly, without restraint, too nice choosing, or any of the timidities or exaggerations of self-consciousness. The personal utterance might take any form; whether Fulke Greville wrote "treatises" on the mind of man, or Drayton pried into the family affairs of the fairies, or Samuel Daniel thought out sonnets to Delia, or Lodge wantoned in cadences and caprices of the senses. It might seem but to pass on an alien message, in as literal a translation as it could compass of a French or Italian poem. In the hand of a poet two things came into the version: magic, and the personal utterance, if in no other way, through the medium of style.

Style, to the poets of the sixteenth century, was much of what went to the making of that broad simplicity, that magnificently obvious eloquence, which seems to us now to have the universal quality of the greatest poetry. The poets of the nineteenth century are no nearer to nature, though they seem more individual because they have made an art of extracting rare emotions, and because they take themselves to pieces more cunningly. Drayton's great sonnet is the epilogue, and Spenser's great poem the epithalamium, for all lovers; but it needs another Shelley to find out love in the labyrinth of "Epipsychidion". All

that is greatest in the poetry of the sixteenth century is open to all the world, like a wood, or Arcadia, in which no road is fenced with prohibitions, and the flowers are all for the picking.

And when, in the nineteenth century, poetry began again, it was to the poets of the sixteenth century that the new poets looked back, finding the pattern there for what they were making over again for themselves. A few snatches from Elizabethan song-books were enough to direct the first awakenings of song in Blake; Wordsworth found his gnomic and rational style, as of a lofty prose, in Samuel Daniel; Keats rifled the best sweets of Lodge's orchard; and Shelley found in the elegies of Michael Drayton the model of his incomparable style of familiar speech in verse, the style of the "Letter to Maria Gisborne". Every reader of modern verse will find something contemporary in even the oldest of the poems which follow; partly because modern verse is directly founded on this verse of the sixteenth century, and partly because the greatest poetry is contemporary with all the ages.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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Anonymous Songs

Hey Nonny no!



Hey nonny no!

Men are fools that wish to die!

Is't not fine to dance and sing

When the bells of death do ring?

Is't not fine to swim in wine,

And turn upon the toe

And sing hey nonny no,

When the winds blow and the seas flow?

Hey nonny no!

My Love in her Attire

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

Weep you no
more, sad
Fountains

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Phyllida's
Love-call

Phyllida. Corydon, arise, my Corydon,
Titan shineth clear.

Corydon. Who is it that calleth Corydon,
Who is it that I hear?

Phyllida. Phyllida, thy true love, calleth
thee,

Arise then, arise then;
Arise and keep thy flock
with me.

Corydon. Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock
with thee.

Phyllida. Here are cherries ripe for my
Corydon,
Eat them for my sake.

Corydon. Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely
one,

Sport for thee to make.

Phyllida. Here are threads, my true love,
fine as silk,

PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-CALL

To knit thee, to knit thee,
A pair of stockings white
as milk.

Corydon. Here are reeds, my true love,
fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee,
A bonnet to withstand the
heat.

Phyllida. I will gather flowers, my Cory-
don,
To set in thy cap.

Corydon. I will gather pears, my lovely
one,
To put in thy lap.

Phyllida. I will buy my true love garters
gay,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so
tall.

Corydon. I will buy my true love yellow
say,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle
small.

Phyllida. When my Corydon sits on a hill
Making melody—

PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-CALL

Corydon. When my lovely one goes to her
wheel,

Singing cheerily—

Phyllida. Sure methinks my true love doth
excel

For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian
knight.

Corydon. And methinks my true love bears
the bell

For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be
so bright.

Phyllida. Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack, her swain—

Corydon. Had my lovely one, my lovely
one,

Been in Ida plain—

Phyllida. Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring,
My Corydon to play withal.

Corydon. The queen of love had been ex-
cused,

Bequeathing, bequeathing,
My Phyllida the golden ball.

Phyllida. Yonder comes my mother, Cory-
don,

Whither shall I fly?

PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-SYRE

Corydon. Under yonder beech, my lovely
one,

While she passeth by.

Phyllida. Say to her thy true love was
not here:

Remember, remember,

To-morrow is another day.

Corydon. Doubt me not, my true love, do
not fear:

Farewell then, farewell then,

Heaven keep our loves
always.

Fain I Would,
but oh I Dare not

Fain I would, but oh I dare not,
Speak my thoughts at full to praise her:
"Speak the best," cries Love, "and spare
not;

Thy speech can no higher raise her:
Thy speech than thy thoughts are lower,
Yet thy thoughts doth not half know her."

How many New
Years have
grown Old

How many new years have grown old
Since first your servant old was new!
How many long hours have I told
Since first my love was vowed to you!
And yet, alas! she doth not know
Whether her servant love or no.

How many walls as white as snow,
And windows clear as any glass,
Have I conjured to tell you so,
Which faithfully performed was!
And yet you'll swear you do not know
Whether your servant love or no.

How often hath my pale lean face,
With true characters of my love,
Petitioned to you for grace,
Whom neither sighs nor tears can move!
O cruel, yet do you not know
Whether your servant love or no?

HOW MANY NEW YEARS .

And wanting oft a better token,
I have been fain to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdain hath broken,
Nor can you heal't by any art:
O look upon't, and you shall know
Whether your servant love or no.

Behold a
Wonder here!

Behold a wonder here!
Love hath received his sight,
Which many hundred year
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As first have made him see
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

So powerful is the Beauty
That Love doth now behold,
As love is turned to Duty
That's neither blind nor bold.

Thus Beauty shows her might
To be of double kind;
In giving Love his sight
And striking Folly blind.

Do not, O do
not Prize thy
Beauty at too
High a Rate

Do not, O do not prize thy beauty at too
high a rate,
Love to be loved whilst thou art lovely,
lest thou love too late;
Frowns print wrinkles in thy brows,
At which spiteful age doth smile;
Women in their froward vows
Glorying to beguile.

Wert thou the only world's-admired thou
~~canst love but one,~~
And many have before been loved, thou
art not loved alone:
Couldst thou speak with heavenly
grace,
Sappho might with thee compare;
Blush the roses in thy face,
Rosamond was as fair.

DO NOT, O DO NOT PRIZE

Pride is the canker that consumeth beauty
in her prime,

They that delight in long debating feel
the curse of time:

All things with the time do change,

That will not the time obey;

Some even to themselves seem strange
Thorough their own delay.

I Saw my Lady Weep

I saw my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so
In those fair eyes where all perfections
keep.

Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins
more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful
thing;
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare;
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness
move
As made my heart at once both grieve and
love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to
grieve.

I SAW MY LADY WEEP

Enough, enough: your joyful look excels:

Tears kill the heart, believe.

O strive not to be excellent in woe,

Which only breeds your beauty's over-
throw.

Since first
I Saw your
Face

Since first I saw your face I resolved to
honour and renown ye;

If now I be disdained I wish my heart
had never known ye.

What? I that loved and you that liked
shall we begin to wrangle?

No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot
disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much, that
fault you may forgive me,

Or if my hands had strayed but a touch,
then justly might you leave me.

I asked you leave, you bade me love; is't
now a time to chide me?

No, no, no, I'll love you still what for-
tune e'er betide me.

The sun whose beams most glorious are
rejecteth no beholder,

And your sweet beauty past compare
made my poor eyes the bolder:

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE

Where beauty moves, and wit delights
and signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there! where'er I go I'll leave
my heart behind me.

**Let me not
Chloris think,
because**

Let me not Chloris think, because
She hath envassel'd me,
That her beauty can give laws
To others that are free.
I was made to be the prey
And booty of her eyes:
In my bosom, she may say,
Her greatest kingdom lies.

Though others may her brow adore,
Yet more must I that therein see far more
Than any other's eyes have power to see;
She is to me
More than to any others she can be.

I can discern more secret notes
That in the margin of her cheeks Love
quotes
Than any else besides have art to read;
No looks proceed
From those fair eyes but to me wonder
breed.

LET ME NOT CHLORIS THINK

O then why
Should she fly
From him to whom her sight
Doth add so much above her might?
Why should not she
Still joy to reign in me?

Art Thou that
She than whom
no Fairer is?

"Art thou that she than whom no fairer
is?

Art thou that she desire so strives to
kiss?"

"Say I am: how then?
Maids may not kiss
Such wanton-humoured men."

"Art thou that she the world commends
for wit?

Art thou so wise and makest no use of
it?"

"Say I am: how then?
My wit doth teach me shun
Such foolish, foolish men."

**My Love
Bound me
with a Kiss**

My Love bound me with a kiss
That I should no longer stay;
When I felt so sweet a bliss
I had less power to part away:
Alas! that women do not know
Kisses make men loath to go.

Yes, she knows it but too well,
For I heard when Venus' dove
In her ear did softly tell
That kisses were the seals of love:
O muse not then though it be so,
Kisses make men loath to go.

Wherefore did she thus inflame
My desires, heat my blood,
Instantly to quench the same
And starve whom she had given food?
Ay, ay, the common sense can show
Kisses make men loath to go.

MY LOVE BOUND ME

Had she bid me go at first

It would ne'er have grieved my heart,
Hope delayed had been the worst;

But ah to kiss and then to part!
How deep it struck, speak, gods, you
know

Kisses make men loath to go.

Love me not
for Comely
Grace

Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part:
No, nor for a constant heart!
For these may fail or turn to ill:
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

At her Fair
Hands how
have I Grace
Entreated

At her fair hands how have I grace entreated,

With prayers oft repeated!

Yet still my love is thwarted:

Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted.

Say, shall she go?

Oh, no, no, no, no, no!

She is most fair, though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared mine anguish,

Wherein I daily languish!

Yet still she doth procure it:

Heart, let her go, for I cannot endure it.

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

She gave the wound, and she alone must cure it.

AT HER FAIR HANDS

The trickling tears that down my cheeks
have flowed

My love have often showed;

Yet still unkind I prove her:

Heart, let her go, for nought I do can
move her.

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

Though me she hate I cannot choose but
love her.

But shall I still a true affection owe
her,

Which prayers, sighs, tears do show
her,

And shall she still disdain me?

Heart, let her go, if they no grace can
gain me.

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

She made me hers, and hers she will re-
tain me.

But if the love that hath and still doth
burn me

No love at length return me,

Out of my thoughts I'll set her:

Heart, let her go, O heart, I pray thee,
let her.

AT HER FAIR HANDS

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

Fixed in the heart, how can the heart
forget her?

But if I weep and sigh and often wail
me

Till tears, sighs, prayers fail me,

Shall yet my love persevere?

Heart, let her go, if she will right thee
never.

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

Tears, sighs, prayers fail, but true love
lasteth ever.

See, see,
Mine own
Sweet Jewel

See, see, mine own sweet jewel,
What I have for my darling:
A robin red-breast and a starling.
These I give both in hope to move thee;
Yet thou say'st I do not love thee.

Sweet Suffolk
Owl, so trimly
dight

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo!
Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo!

**While that the
Sun with his
Beams hot**

While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,

Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain
In shadow of a green oak-tree,
Upon his pipe this song played he:
Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight,
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;

And evermore you sobbed and sighed,
Burning in flames beyond all measure.
Three days endured your love for me,
And it was lost in other three.

Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

WHILE THAT THE SUN

Another shepherd you did see,
To whom your heart was soon en-
chained;

Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtained:
Soon came a third your love to win;
And we were out, and he was in.
Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure, you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removed,
Before that I the leisure had

To choose you for my best beloved:
For all my love was passed and done
Two days, before it was begun.
Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Say, Love,
if ever Thou
didst Find

"Say, Love, if ever thou didst find
A woman with a constant mind."

"None but one."

"And what should that rare mirror be?"

"Some goddess or some queen is She."

She, She, She, and only She,
She only queen of love and beauty.

"But could thy fiery poisoned dart
At no time touch her spotless heart,
Nor come near?"

"She is not subject to Love's bow:
Her eye commands, her heart saith 'No'.
No, no, no, and only No,
One No another still doth follow.

"How might I that fair wonder know
That mocks desire with endless 'No'?"

"See the moon
That ever in one change doth grow,

SAY, LOVE, IF EVER THOU

Yet still the same: and She is so."
So, so, so, and only So!
From heaven her virtues she doth borrow.

"To her, then, yield thy shafts and bow
That can command affections so."

"Love is free:

So are her thoughts that vanquish thee.
There is no queen of Love but She."
She, She, She, and only She,
She only queen of love and beauty.

When Love on
Time and Measure
Makes his Ground

When love on time and measure makes
his ground,

Time that must end, though love can
never die,

'Tis love betwixt a shadow and a sound,

A love not in the heart but in the eye;

A love that ebbs and flows, now up, now
down,

A morning's favour and an evening's
frown.

Sweet looks show love, yet they are but
as beams;

Fair words seem true, yet they are but
as wind;

Eyes shed their tears, yet are but outward
streams;

Sighs paint a shadow in the falsest
mind.

Looks, words, tears, sighs show love when
love they leave;

False hearts can weep, sigh, swear, and
yet deceive.

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yet deceive.

Open the Door!
Who's there
Within?

"Open the door! Who's there within?
The fairest of thy mother's kin,
O come, come, come abroad
And hear the shrill birds sing,
The air with tunes that load!
It is too soon to go to rest,
The sun not midway yet to west:
The day doth miss thee
And will not part until it kiss thee."

"Were I as fair as you pretend,
Yet to an unknown, seld-seen friend
I dare not ope the door:
To hear the sweet birds sing
Oft proves a dangerous thing.
The sun may run his wonted race
And yet not gaze on my poor face;
The day may miss me:
Therefore depart, you shall not kiss me."

So saith my Fair
and Beautiful
Lycoris

So saith my fair and beautiful Lycoris,
When now and then she talketh
With me of Love:

"Love is a sprite that walketh,
That soars and flies,
And none alive can hold him,
Nor touch him, nor behold him."

Yet when her eye she turneth,
I spy where he sojourneth:
In her eyes there he flies,
But none can catch him
Till from her lips he fetch him.

Once did I Love
and yet I Live

Once did I love and yet I live,
Though love and truth be now forgotten;
Then did I joy, now do I grieve
That holy vows must now be broken.

Hers be the blame that caused it so,
Mine be the grief though it be mickle;
She shall have shame, I cause to know
What 'tis to love a dame so fickle.

Love her that list, I am content
For that chameleon-like she changeth,
Yielding such mists as may prevent
My sight to view her when she rangeth.

Let him not vaunt that gains my loss,
For when that he and time hath proved
her,
She may him bring to Weeping-Cross:
I say no more, because I loved her.

Once did my
Thoughts both
Ebb and Flow

Once did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
As passion did them move;
Once did I hope, straight fear again,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
And tell how many minutes move;
Once did I wishing waste the day,—
And then I was in love.

Once, by my carving true love's knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and tears were both our
lot,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath
And in my mistress move,
Once was I not mine own at all,—
And then I was in love.

ONCE DID MY THOUGHTS

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,
And collars did approve,
Once wore my clothes made out of wax,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in numbers move,
Once did I tell a thousand lies,—
And then I was in love.

Once in my ear did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove,
Once, in a word, I was a fool,—
And then I was in love.

A Woman's Looks

A woman's looks
Are barbed hooks,
That catch by art
The strongest heart
When yet they spend no breath;
But let them speak,
And sighing break
Forth into tears,
Their words are spears
That wound our souls to death.

The rarest wit
Is made forget,
And like a child
Is oft beguiled
With love's sweet-seeming bait;
Love with his rod
So like a god
Commands the mind;
We cannot find,
Fair shows hide foul deceit.

A WOMAN'S LOOKS

Time, that all things
In order brings,
Hath taught me how
To be more slow
In giving faith to speech,
Since women's words
No truth affords,
And when they kiss
They think by this
Us men to over-reach.

Ha ha! ha ha!
this World
doth Pass

Ha ha! ha ha! this world doth pass
Most merrily, I'll be sworn;
For many an honest Indian ass
Goes for an Unicorn.

Farra diddle dino;
This is idle fino.

Ty hye! ty hye! O sweet delight!
He tickles this age that can
Call Tullia's ape a marmosyte
And Leda's goose a swan.

Farra diddle dino;
This is idle fino.

So so! so so! fine English days!
When false play's no reproach:
For he that doth the coachman praise,
May safely use the coach.

Farra diddle dino;
This is idle fino.

Love's God is a Boy

Love's god is a boy,
None but cowherds regard him,
His dart is a toy,
Great opinion hath marred him;
The fear of the wag
Hath made him so brag;
Chide him, he'll fly thee
And not come nigh thee.
Little boy, pretty knave, shoot not at
random,
For if you hit me, slave, I'll tell your
grandam.

Fond love is a child
And his compass is narrow,
Young fools are beguiled
With the fame of his arrow;
He dareth not strike
If his stroke do mislike:
Cupid, do you hear me?
Come not too near me.

LOVE'S GOD IS A BOY

Little boy, pretty knave, hence I beseech
you,
For if you hit me, knave, in faith I'll breech
you.

The ape loves to meddle
When he finds a man idle,
Else is he a-flirting
Where his mark is a-courting;
When women grow true
Come teach me to sue,
Then I'll come to thee,
Pray thee, and woo thee.

Little boy, pretty knave, make me not
stagger,
For if you hit me, knave, I'll call thee
beggar.

Sweet Love, Mine
only Treasure

Sweet love, mine only treasure,
For service long unfeigned
Wherein I nought have gained,
Vouchsafe this little pleasure,
To tell me in what part
My Lady keeps my heart.

If in her hair so slender,
Like golden nets entwined
Which fire and art have 'fined,
Her thrall my heart I render
For ever to abide
With locks so dainty tied.

If in her eyes she bind it,
Wherein that fire was framed
By which it is enflamed,
I dare not look to find it:
I only wish it sight
To see that pleasant light.

SWEET LOVE

But if her breast have deigned
With kindness to receive it,
I am content to leave it
Though death thereby were gained.
Then, Lady, take your own
That lives by you alone.

The Sea hath many
Thousand Sands

The sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many;
The sky is full of stars, and love
As full of woes as any:
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal;
But O the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall!
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so:

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief;
For headstrong youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief:
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's confessor at the last.

Love Winged my
Hopes and Taught
Me how to Fly

Love winged my hopes and taught me
how to fly
Far from base earth, but not to mount too
high:

For true pleasure
Lives in measure,
Which if men forsake,
Blinded they into folly run and grief for
pleasure take.

But my vain hopes, proud of their new-
taught flight,
Enamoured sought to woo the sun's fair
light,

Whose rich brightness
Moved their lightness
To aspire so high
That all scorched and consumed with fire
now drowned in woe they lie.

LOVE WINGED MY HOPES

And none but Love their woeful hap did
rue,
For Love did know that their desires were
true;

Though Fate frowned
And now drowned
They in sorrow dwell,
It was the purest light of heaven for whose
fair love they fell.

Now have I
Learned with Much
Ado at Last

Now have I learned with much ado at last
By true disdain to kill desire;
This was the mark at which I shot so fast,
Unto this height I did aspire:
Proud Love, now do thy worst and spare
not,
For thee and all thy shafts I care not.

What hast thou left wherewith to move
my mind?
What life to quicken dead desire?
I count thy words and oaths as light as
wind,
I feel no heat in all thy fire:
Go, change thy bow and get a stronger,
Go, break thy shafts and buy thee longer.

In vain thou bait'st thy hook with beauty's
blaze,
In vain thy wanton eyes allure;

NOW HAVE I LEARNED

These are but toys for them that love to
gaze,

I know what harm thy looks procure:
Some strange conceit must be devised,
Or thou and all thy skill despised.

Farewell, Dear
Love! since
Thou wilt needs
be gone

Farewell, dear love! since thou wilt needs
be gone:

Mine eyes do show my life is almost done.

—Nay I will never die,

So long as I can spy;

There be many mo

Though that she do go.

There be many mo, I fear not;

Why, then, let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell! since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you.

—But I will seek elsewhere

If I may find her there.

Shall I bid her go?

What and if I do?

Shall I bid her go and spare not?

O no, no, no, no, I dare not.

FAREWELL, DEAR LOVE

Ten thousand times farewell! yet stay
awhile.

Sweet, kiss me once, sweet kisses time
beguile.

—I have no power to move:

How now, am I in love!—

Wilt thou needs be gone?

Go then, all is one.

Wilt thou needs be gone? O hie thee!

Nay; stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more farewell! I see "Loth to de-
part"

Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart:

But seeing I must lose

Thy love which I did choose,

Go thy ways for me,

Since it may not be:

Go thy ways for me, but whither

Go?—oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I do? my love is now departed,
She is as fair as she is cruel-hearted:

She would not be entreated

With prayers oft repeated.

If she come no more,

Shall I die therefore?

If she come no more, what care I?

—Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry.

**Those Eyes that
set My Fancy
on a Fire**

Those eyes that set my fancy on a fire,
Those crisped hairs that hold my heart
in chains,

Those dainty hands which conquered my
desire,

That wit which of my thoughts doth
hold the reins:

Then, Love, be judge, what heart may
therewith stand

Such eyes, such head, such wit, and such
a hand?

Those eyes for clearness doth the stars
surpass,

Those hairs obscure the brightness of
the sun,

Those hands more white than ever ivory
was,

That wit even to the skies hath glory
won.

O eyes that pierce our hearts without
remorse!

THOSE EYES THAT SET

O hairs of right that wear a royal crown!
O hands that conquer more than Caesar's
force!
O wit that turns huge kingdoms upside
down!

If Fathers
Knew but how
to Leave

If fathers knew but how to leave
Their children wit as they do wealth,
And could constrain them to receive
That physic which brings perfect health,
The world would not admiring stand
A woman's face and woman's hand.

Women confess they must obey,
We men will needs be servants still;
We kiss their hands, and what they say
We must commend, be't ne'er so ill:
Thus we, like fools, admiring stand
Her pretty foot and pretty hand.

We blame their pride, which we increase
By making mountains of a mouse;
We praise because we know we please;
Poor women are too credulous
To think that we admiring stand
Or foot, or face, or foolish hand.

Why canst
Thou not, as
Others do

Why canst thou not, as others do,
Look on me with unwounding eyes?
And yet look sweet, but yet not so;
Smile, but not in killing wise;
Arm not thy graces to confound;
Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you
Than they can see in all the rest?
For I can others' beauties view
And not find my heart oppress.
O be as others are to me,
Or let me be more to thee.

O Night,
O Jealous
Night

O Night, O jealous Night, repugnant to
my measures!

O Night so long desired, yet cross to
my content!

There's none but only thou that can per-
form my pleasures,

Yet none but only thou that hindereth
my intent.

Thy beams, thy spiteful beams, thy lamps
that burn too brightly,

Discover all my trains, and naked lay
my drifts,

That night by night I hope, yet fail my
purpose nightly;

Thy envious glaring gleam defeateth so
my shifts.

Sweet Night, withhold thy beams, with-
hold them till to-morrow!

Whose joy's in lack so long a hell of
torment breeds.

O JEALOUS NIGHT

Sweet Night, sweet gentle Night, do not
prolong my sorrow:
Desire is guide to me, and Love no
lodestar needs.

Let sailors gaze on Stars and Moon so
freshly shining;
Let them that miss the way be guided
by the light;
I know my Lady's bower, there needs no
more divining;
Affection sees in dark, and Love hath
eyes by night.

Dame Cynthia, couch awhile! hold in thy
horns for shining,
And glad not lowering Night with thy
too glorious rays;
But be she dim and dark, tempestuous
and repining,
That in her spite my sport may work
thy endless praise.

And when my will is wrought, then, Cyn-
thia, shine, good lady,
All other nights and days in honour of
that night,
That happy, heavenly night, that night so
dark and shady,
Wherein my Love had eyes that lighted
my delight.

Shall I Look
to Ease
my Grief

Shall I look to ease my grief?

No, my sight is lost with eying:

Shall I speak and beg relief?

No, my voice is hoarse with crying:

What remains but only dying?

Love and I of late did part,

But the boy, my peace envying,

Like a Parthian threw his dart

Backward, and did wound me flying:

What remains but only dying?

She whom then I looked on,

My remembrance beautifying,

Stays with me though I am gone,

Gone, and at her mercy lying:

What remains but only dying?

Shall I try her thoughts and write?

No, I have no means of trying:

If I should, yet at first sight

She would answer with denying:

What remains but only dying?

SHALL I LOOK

Thus my vital breath doth waste,
And, my blood with sorrow drying,
Sighs and tears make life to last
For a while, their place supplying:
What remains but only dying?

What Plea-
sure have
Great Princes

What pleasure have great princes
More dainty to their choice
Than herdsmen wild, who careless,
In quiet life rejoice,
And fortune's fate not fearing
Sing sweet in summer morning?

Their dealings plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit;
They never know how spiteful
It is to kneel and wait
On favourite presumptuous
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth;
At night they take their rest;
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the East,
Where gold and pearl are plenty;
But getting, very dainty.

WHAT PLEASURE HAVE

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law:
Whence conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth!
Not caring much for gold;
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold.
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is, and quiet.

**Yet if His
Majesty our
Sovereign
Lord**

Yet if his majesty our sovereign lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say "I'll be your guest to-morrow
night",
How should we stir ourselves, call and
command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle
stand.
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every scone and candlestick made
bright,
That without tapers they may give a
light.
Look to the presence: are the carpets
spread,
The dais o'er the head,

YET IF HIS MAJESTY

The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his
place."

Thus if the king were coming would we
do,

And 't were good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king.
And after all our travail, and our cost,
So he be pleased to think no labour lost.
But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge him in the
manger.

Let not
the Sluggish
Sleep

Let not the sluggish sleep
Close up thy waking eye,
Until with judgment deep
Thy daily deeds thou try:
He that one sin in conscience keeps
When he to quiet goes,
More venturous is than he that sleeps
With twenty mortal foes.

Brown is
my Love, but
Graceful

Brown is my Love, but graceful:
And each renowned whiteness
Matched with thy lovely brown loseth its
brightness.

Fair is my Love, but scornful:
Yet have I seen despised
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well
prized.

Fain would
I Change
that Note

Fain would I change that note
To which fond love hath charmed me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harmed me:
Yet when this thought doth come,
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy ripe fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee;
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

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my Love, but
Graceful

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To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy ripe fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
House of joy and bliss,
Truest pleasure is,
I adore thee;
Show thee what thou art,
I'll love thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Yea or Nay

Madam, withouten many words
Once I am sure you will or no;
And if you will, then leave your boards
And use your wit and show it so.

For with a beck you shall me call;
And if of one that burns alway
You have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fair with yea or nay.

If it be yea, I shall be fain;
If it be nay, friends as before;
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine own, and yours no more.

Edmund Spenser

Epithalamion

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful
rhymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly
scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple
lays,
But joyed in their praise;
And when ye list your own mishaps to
mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck
did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenor
turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside,

EPITHALAMION

And having all your heads with garland
crowned,

Help me mine own love's praises to
resound;

Ne let the same of any be envied:

So Orpheus did for his own bride,

So I unto myself alone will sing;

The woods shall to me answer, and my
echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth
spread,

Having disperst the night's uncheerful
damp,

Do ye awake; and with fresh lustihead

Go to the bower of my beloved love,

My truest turtle dove:

Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,

And long since ready forth his mask to
move,

With his bright tead that flames with
many a flake,

And many a bachelor to wait on him,

In their fresh garments trim.

Bid her awake therefore, and soon her
dight,

For lo! the wished day is come at last,

That shall for all the pains and sorrows
past

EPITHALAMION

Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whilst shè doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphs that you
can hear,

Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her
near;

All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
And let them also with them bring in
hand

Another gay garland,
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound truelove-wise, with a blue silk
riband.

And let them make great store of bridal
posies

And let them eke bring store of other
flowers,

To deck the bridal bowers.

And let the ground whereas her foot shall
tread,

For fear the stones her tender foot should
wrong,

Be strewed with fragrant flowers all
along;

And diapered like the discoloured mead.

EPITHALAMION

Which done, do at her chamber door
 await,
For she will waken straight,
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing;
The woods shall to you answer, and your
 echo ring.

Ye Nymphs of Mulla, which with careful
 heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed
(Those trouts and pikes all others do
 excel);
And ye likewise, which keep the rushy
 lake
Where none do fishes take,
Bind up the locks the which hang scat-
 tered light,
And in his waters, which your mirror
 make,
Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
That when you come whereas my love
 doth lie,
No blemish she may spy.
And eke, ye lightfoot maids, which keep
 the door,
That on the hoary mountain used to
 tower,
And the wild wolves which seek them
 to devour

EPITHALAMION

With your steel darts do chase from
coming near;
Be also present here,
To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is
time;
The rosy Morn long since left Tithon's
bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious
head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant
their lays,
And carol of love's praise.
The merry Lark his matins sings aloft;
The Thrush replies; the Mavis descant
plays;
The Ouzel shrills; the Ruddock warbles
soft;
So goodly all agree with sweet consent
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus
long,
When meeter were that ye should, now
awake,
To await the coming of your joyous
make,

EPITHALAMION

And hearken to the birds' lovelearned
song,
The dewy leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you
sing,
That all the woods them answer, and
their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed
were
With darksome cloud, now show their
goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth
rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of
delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come ye, fair hours, which were
begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and
Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair:
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian
Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's
pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:

EPITHALAMION

And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and
your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her
groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming
straight.

Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyful'st day that ever Sun did see.
Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifefull heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.

O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind
delight,

Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
Let all the rest be thine:

Then I thy sovereign praises loud will
sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and
their echo ring.

EPITHALAMION

Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining
bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun
hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to
bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream un-
crudded,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
To honour's seat and chastity's sweet
bower.
Why stand ye still, ye Virgins, in amaze
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your
echo ring?
But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high
degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that
sight,
And stand astonished like to those which
read
Medusa's mazeful head.

EPITHALAMION

When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to the high altar, that she
may

The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The Choristers the joyous Anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their
echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy
hands,

How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil
stain,

Like crimson dyed in grain;
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more
fair,

The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the
ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,

EPITHALAMION

That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought un-
sound.

Why blush ye, love, to give to me your
hand,

The pledge of all our band?

Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

Now all is done: bring home the Bride
again;

Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her
gain,

With joyance bring her and with jollity;
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast therefore now all this live-long
day;

This day for ever to me holy is.

Pour out the wine without restraint or
stay,

Pour not by cups but by the belly-full,

Pour out to all that wull,

And sprinkle all the posts and walls with
wine,

That they may sweat, and drunken be
withal,

Crown ye God Bacchus with a coronal,

EPITHALAMION

And Hymen also crown with wreaths of
vine:

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best:

The whiles the maidens do their carol
sing,

To which the woods shall answer, and
their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the
town,

And leave your wonted labours for this
day:

This day is holy; do ye write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.

This day the sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright,

From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and
light,

When once the Crab behind his back he
sees.

But for this time it ill ordained was,

To choose the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter
were:

Yet never day so long but late would
pass.

Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day;

EPITHALAMION

And dance about them, and about them
sing,

That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have
end,

And lend me leave to come unto my love?

How slowly do the hours their numbers
spend;

How slowly does sad Time his feathers
move!

Haste thee, O fairest Planet! to thy home
Within the Western foam:

Thy tired steeds long since have need of
rest.

Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening star with golden
crest

Appear out of the East.

Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of
love!

That all the host of heaven in ranks dost
lead,

And guidest lovers through the night's sad
dread,

How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atween thy twinkling
light,

As joying in the sight

EPITHALAMION

Of these glad many, which for joy do
sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their
echo ring.

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore-
past;

Enough is it that all the day was yours:
Now day is done, and night is nighing
fast,

Now bring the Bride into the bridal
bowers.

Now night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay;

Lay her in lilies and in violets,

And silken curtains over her display,

And odoured sheets, and Arras coverlets.

Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility!

Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took

In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass,

Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary
was,

With bathing in the Acidalian brook.

Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,

And leave my love alone;

And leave likewise your former lay to
sing:

The woods no more shall answer, nor your
echo ring.

EPITHALAMION

Now welcome, night! thou night so long
expected,

That long day's labour dost at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel love collected,

Has summed in one, and cancelled for
aye:

Spread thy broad wing over my love and
me,

That no man may us see;

And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free.

Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy

The safety of our joy;

But let the night be calm and quiet some,
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray:

Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena
lay,

When he begot the great Tirynthian
groom:

Or like as when he with thyself did lie,
And begot Majesty.

And let the maids and young men cease to
sing;

Ne let the woods them answer, nor their
echo ring.

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:

EPITHALAMION

Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceived
doubt.
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful
sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let housefires, nor lightning's helpless
harms,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evil sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with their
charms,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense
we see not,
Fray us with things that be not;
Let not the Screech-Owl, nor the Stork,
be heard;
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly
yells;
Nor damned ghosts, called up with mighty
spells;
Nor grisly vultures make us once affeard:
Ne let the unpleasant choir of Frogs still
croaking
Make us to wish their choking.
Let none of these their dreary accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their
echo ring.
But let still Silence true night watches keep,
That sacred peace may in assurance reign,

EPITHALAMION

And timely sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant
plain;

The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers-feathered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares
shall spread

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Concealed through covert night.

Ye sons of Venus, play your sports at
will;

For greedy pleasure, careless of your toys,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joys,
Than what we do, albeit good or ill.

All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soon be day:

Now none doth hinder you, that say or
sing;

Ne will the woods now answer, nor your
echo ring.

Who is the same, which at my window
peeps,

Or whose is that fair face that shines so
bright?

Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
But walks about high heaven all the
night?

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night?

EPITHALAMION

O, fairest goddess! do thou not envy
My Love with me to spy;
For thou likewise didst love, though now
unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee
brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favourable now;
And sith of women's labours thou hast
charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will to effect our wishful vow,
And the chaste womb inform with timely
seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopeful hap to
sing;
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo
ring.

And thou, great Juno, which with awful
might
The laws of wedlock still doth patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solem-
nize;
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,

EPITHALAMION

And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius, in whose gentle
hand

The bridal bower and genial bed remain,
Without blemish or stain;

And the sweet pleasures of their loves'
delight

With secret aid dost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night:
And thou, fair Hebe, and thou, Hymen
free,

Grant that it may so be!

Till which we cease your further praise to
sing;

Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo
ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the
gods,

In which a thousand torches flaming
bright

Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darkness lend desired light;

And all ye powers which in the same
remain,

More than we men can fain,

Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,

And happy influence upon us rain,

That we may raise a large posterity,

EPITHALAMION

Which from the earth, which they may
long possess
With lasting happiness,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount :
And, for the guerdon of their glorious
merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our timely joys to
sing ;
The woods no more us answer, nor our
echo ring.

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been
decked,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promised both to recompense ;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument!

Perigot and Willy's Roundelay

Perigot. It fell upon a holy eve,

Willy. (Hey-ho, holiday!)

Perigot. When holy fathers went to
shrieve,

Willy. (Now 'ginneth this roundelay),

Perigot. Sitting upon a hill so high,

Willy. (Hey-ho, the high hill!)

Perigot. The while my flock did feed
thereby,

Willy. The while the shepherd's self
did spill;

Perigot. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,

Willy. (Hey-ho, Bonnibell!)

Perigot. Tripping over the dale alone;

Willy. (She can trip it very well!)

Perigot. Well decked in a frock of gray,

Willy. (Hey-ho, gray is greet!)

Perigot. And in a kirtle of green say

Willy. (The green is for maidens meet).

PERIGOT AND WILLY

Perigot. A chapelet on her head she wore,

Willy. (Hey-ho, the chapelet!)

Perigot. Of sweet violets therein was store,

Willy. She sweeter than the violet.

Perigot. My sheep did leave their wonted
food,

Willy. (Hey-ho, silly sheep!)

Perigot. And gazed on her as they were
wood,

Willy. Wood as he that did them keep.

Perigot. As the bonny lass passed by,

Willy. (Hey-ho, bonny lass!)

Perigot. She roved at me with glancing
eye,

Willy. As clear as the crystal glass:

Perigot. All as the sunny beam so bright

Willy. (Hey-ho, the sunbeam!)

Perigot. Glanceth from Phœbus' face forth-
right,

Willy. So love into my heart did
stream.

Perigot. Or as the thunder cleaves the
clouds,

Willy. (Hey-ho, the thunder!)

Perigot. Wherein the lightsome levin
shrouds,

Willy. So cleaves thy soul asunder;

Perigot. Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray

PERIGOT AND WILLY

Willy. (Hey-ho, the moonlight!)

Perigot. Upon the glittering wave doth
play,

Willy. Such play is a piteous plight:

Perigot. The glance into my heart did
glide,

Willy. (Hey-ho, the glider!)

Perigot. Therewith my soul was sharply
gride;

Willy. Such wounds soon waxen wider.

Perigot. Hasting to wrench the arrow out,

Willy. (Hey-ho, Perigot!)

Perigot. I left the head in my heart-root.

Willy. It was a desperate shot.

Perigot. There it rankleth aye more and
more,

Willy. (Hey-ho, the arrow!)

Perigot. Nor can I find salve for my sore:

Willy. (Love is a cureless sorrow.)

Perigot. And though my bale with death
I bought,

Willy. (Hey-ho, heavy cheer!)

Perigot. Yet should thilk lass not from my
thought.

Willy. So you may buy gold too dear.

Perigot. But whether in painful love I
pine,

PERIGOT AND WILLY

Willy. (Hey-ho, pinching pain!)

Perigot. Or thrive in wealth, she shall be
mine;

Willy. But if thou can her obtain.

Perigot. And if for graceless grief I die—

Willy. (Hey-ho, graceless grief!)

Perigot. Witness, she slew me with her
eye.

Willy. Let thy folly be the prief.

Perigot. And you that saw it, simple
sheep,

Willy. (Hey-ho, the fair flock!)

Perigot. For prief thereof my death shall
weep

Willy. And moan with many a mock.

Perigot. So learned I love on a holy eve.

Willy. (Hey-ho, holy day!)

Perigot. That ever since my heart did
grieve:

Willy. Now endeth our roundelay.

Amoretti

SONNET IV

New year, forth looking out of Janus' gate,
Doth seem to promise hope of new delight:

And bidding the old adieu, his passed date

Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish
spright:

And, calling forth out of sad winter's night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerless bower,

Wills him awake, and soon about him
dight

His wanton wings and darts of deadly
power.

For lusty Spring now in his timely hour
Is ready to come forth, him to receive;
And warns the earth with divers-coloured
flower

To deck herself, and her fair mantle weave.

Then you, fair flower, in whom fresh
youth doth reign,

Prepare yourself new love to entertain.

Sonnet V

Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's
desire,

In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envied:
For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, and 'sdain of foul
dishonour,

Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her
so wide,

That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praise, such portliness is
honour,

That boldened innocence bears in her eyes;
And her fair countenance, like a goodly
banner,

Spreads in defiance of all enemies.

Was never in this world aught worthy
tried,

Without some spark of such self-pleasing
pride.

Sonnet X

Unrighteous lord of love, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss
Of her free will, scorning both thee and
me?

See! how the tyranness doth joy to see
The huge massacres which her eyes do
make;

And humbled hearts brings captive unto
thee,

That thou of them mayst mighty vengeance
take.

But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
And that high look, with which she doth
control

All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
And all her faults in thy black book enroll:

That I may laugh at her in equal sort,
As she doth laugh at me, and makes
my pain her sport.

Sonnet XIII

In that proud port, which her so goodly
 graceth,
Whiles her fair face she rears up to the
 sky,
And to the ground her eyelids low em-
 baseth,
Most goodly temperature ye may descry;
Mild humbless, mixed with awful majesty.
For, looking on the earth whence she was
 born,
Her mind remembereth her mortality,
Whatso is fairest shall to earth return.
But that same lofty countenance seems to
 scorn
Base thing, and think how she to heaven
 may climb;
Treading down earth as loathsome and
 forlorn,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy
 slime.
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to look on me;
Such lowliness shall make you lofty be.

Sonnet XVII

The glorious portrait of that Angel's face,
Made to amaze weak men's confused skill,
And this world's worthless glory to em-
base,

What pen, what pencil, can express her
fill?

For, though he colours could devise at
will,

And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Lest, trembling, it his workmanship should
spill;

Yet many wondrous things there are
beside:

The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows
glide,

The charming smiles, that rob sense from
the heart,

The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
Cannot expressed be by any art.

A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth
need,

That can express the life of things in-
deed.

Sonnet XIX

The merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already
sounded,

That warns all lovers wait upon their
king,

Who now is coming forth with garland
crowned.

With noise whereof the choir of birds re-
sounded,

Their anthems sweet, devised of love's
praise,

That all the woods their echoes back re-
bounded,

As if they knew the meaning of their lays.

But 'mongst them all, which did love's
honour raise,

No word was heard of her that most it
ought;

But she his precept proudly disobeys,
And doth his idle message set at naught.

Therefore, O love, unless she turn to
thee

Ere cuckoo end, let her a rebel be!

Sonnet XXI

Was it the work of nature or of art,
Which tempered so the feature of her
face,
That pride and meekness, mixed by equal
part,
Do both appear to adorn her beauty's
grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride
displace,
She to her love doth lookers' eyes allure;
And, with stern countenance, back again
doth chase
Their looser looks that stir up lusts impure;
With such strange terms her eyes she doth
inure,
That with one look she doth my life
dismay,
And with another doth it straight recure;
Her smile me draws; her frown me drives
away.
Thus doth she train and teach me with
her looks;
Such art of eyes I never read in books.

Sonnet XXXIV

Like as a ship, that through the ocean
wide,
By conduct of some star, doth make her
way,
Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty
guide
Out of her course doth wander far astray:
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright
ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now, in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me
placed;
Yet hope I well that, when this storm is
past,
My Helice, the loadstar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiveness.

Sonnet XXXV

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetise
Still to behold the object of their pain,
With no contentment can themselves
suffice,

But, having, pine, and having not, com-
plain.

For, lacking it, they cannot life sustain;
And, having it, they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement like Narcissus vain,
Whose eyes him starved: so plenty makes
me poor.

Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
Of that fair sight, that nothing else they
brook,

But loathe the things which they did like
before,

And can no more endure on them to look.
All this world's glory seemeth vain to me,
And all their shows but shadows, saving
she.

Sonnet LIX

Thrice happy she, that is so well assured
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
That neither will for better be allured,
Ne feared with worse to any chance to
start;

But, like a steady ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her course
aright;

Ne aught for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne aught for fairer weather's false delight.
Such self-assurance need not fear the spite
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends:
But, in the stay of her own steadfast might,
Neither to one herself nor other bends.

Most happy she, that most assured doth
rest;

But he most happy, who such one loves
best.

Sonnet LXI

The glorious image of the Maker's beauty,
My sovereign saint, the idol of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of
duty,

To accuse of pride, or rashly blame for
aught.

For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of Angels heavenly born;
And with the crew of blessed Saints up-
brought,

Each of which did her with their gifts
adorn;

The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn,
The beam of light, whom mortal eyes
admire;

What reason is it then but she should
scorn

Base things, that to her love too bold
aspire?

Such heavenly forms ought rather wor-
shipped be,

Than dare be loved by men of mean
degree.

Sonnet LXVIII

Most glorious Lord of life, that, on this day,
Did'st make thy triumph over death and
sin,

And, having harrowed hell, did'st bring
away

Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest
die,

Being with thy dear blood clean washed
from sin,

May live for ever in felicity;

And that thy love we, weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again;
And for thy sake, that all like dear did'st
buy,

With love may one another entertain.

So let us love, dear love; like as we
ought:

Love is the lesson which the Lord us
taught.

Sonnet LXXII

Oft, when my spirit doth spread her bolder
wings,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weighed with thought of earthly
things,
And clogged with burden of mortality;
Where, when that sovereign beauty it doth
spy,
Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back
doth fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at
ease;
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it
might
Her heart's desire with most contentment
please.
Heart need not wish none other happi-
ness,
But here on earth to have such heaven's
bliss.

Richard Verstegen

Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby



Upon my lap my Sovereign sits,
And sucks upon my breast;
Meanwhile his love sustains my life,
And gives my body rest.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy.
Sing, lullaby, my liv's joy.

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me.
So may thy mother and thy nurse,
Thy cradle also be.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my liv's joy.

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,

OUR LADY'S LULLABY

Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Yet as I am and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thyself
Vouchsafing to be mine.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

My wits, my words, my deeds, my
thoughts,

And else what is in me,
I rather will not wish to use,
If not in serving thee.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

My babe, my bliss, my child, my choice,
My fruit, my flower, and bud,
My Jesus, and my only joy,
The sum of all my good.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

My sweetness, and the sweetest most
That heaven could earth deliver,

Soul of my love, spirit of my life,
Abide with me for ever.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Live still with me, and be my love,
And death will me refrain,
Unless thou let me die with thee,
To live with thee again.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Leave now to wail, thou luckless wight
That wrought'st thy race's woe,
Redress is found, and foiled is
Thy fruit-alluring foe.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

The fruit of death from Paradise
Made thee exiled mourn;
My fruit of life to Paradise
Makes joyful thy return.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Grow up, good fruit be nourished by
These fountains two of me,

OUR LADY'S LULLABY

That only flow with maiden's milk,
The only meat for thee.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

The earth is now a heaven become,
And this base bower of mine,
A princely palace unto me,
My son doth make to shine.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

His sight gives clearness to my sight,
When waking I him see,
And sleeping, his mild countenance
Gives favour unto me.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

When I him in mine arms embrace,
I feel my heart embraced,
Even by the inward grace of his,
Which he in me hath placed.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

And when I kiss his loving lips,
Then his sweet-smelling breath

OUR LADY'S LULLABY

Doth yield a savour to my soul,
That feeds love, hope, and faith.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livēs joy.

The shepherds left their keeping sheep,
For joy to see my lamb;
How may I more rejoice to see
Myself to be the dam.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livēs joy.

Three kings their treasures hither brought
Of incense, myrrh, and gold;
The heaven's treasure and the king
That here they might behold.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livēs joy.

One sort an angel did direct,
A star did guide the other,
And all the fairest son to see
That ever had a mother.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livēs joy.

This sight I see, this child I have,
This infant I embrace,

OUR LADY'S LULLABY

O endless comfort of the earth,
And heaven's eternal grace.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Thee sanctity herself doth serve,
Thee goodness doth attend,
Thee blessedness doth wait upon,
And virtues all commend.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Great kings and prophets wished have
To see that I possess,
Yet wish I never thee to see,
If not in thankfulness.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

Let heaven and earth, and saints and
men,
Assistance give to me,
That all their most occurring aid
Augment my thanks to thee.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my livè's joy.

And let the ensuing blessed race,
Thou wilt succeeding raise,

OUR LADY'S LULLABY

Join all their praises unto mine,

To multiply thy praise.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,

Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

And take my service well in worth,

And Joseph's here with me,

Who of my husband bears the name,

Thy servant for to be.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,

Sing, lullaby, my livës joy.

Thomas Howell

Of Misery

Corpse, clad with carefulness;
Heart, heaped with heaviness;
Purse, poor and penniless;
Back, bare in bitterness;
O get my grave in readiness;
Fain would I die to end this stress.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford

Of Women

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle,
still,
I would not marvel that they make men
bond
By service long to purchase their good
will;
But when I see how frail those creatures
are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how
they change,
How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan,
Unsettled still, like haggards wild, they
range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to
man;

Who would not scorn and shake them
from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way
they list?

Yet, for disport, we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can
please;
And train them to our lure with subtle
oath,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we
ease:
And then we say, when we their fancy
try,
To play with fools, O what a fool
was I!

Sir Walter Raleigh

The Shepherd's Description of Love

Melibæus. Shepherd, what's love, I pray
thee tell?

Faustus. It is that fountain and that
well

Where pleasure and repentance
dwell;

It is perhaps that sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or
hell;

And this is love, as I heard
tell.

Melibæus. Yet what is love, I prithee
say?

Faustus. It is a work on holiday;
It is December matched with
May,

THE SHEPHERD'S.

When lusty bloods, in fresh
array,
Hear ten months after of the
play;
And this is love, as I hear
say.

Melibæus. Yet what is love, good shepherd, sain?

Faustus. It is a sunshine mixed with
rain;
It is a tooth-ache, or like
pain;
It is a game where none doth
gain;
The lass saith no, and would
full fain;
And this is love, as I hear
sain.

Melibæus. Yet, shepherd, what is love,
I pray?

Faustus. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away;
Then, nymphs, take 'vantage
while ye may;
And this is love, as I hear
say.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

Melibæus. Yet what is love, good shepherd, show?

Faustus. A thing that creeps; it cannot go;

A prize that passeth to and fro;
A thing for one, a thing for
moe;

And he that proves shall find
it so;

And, shepherd, this is love,
I trow.

The Wood,
the Weed,
the Wag

Three things there be that prosper all
apace,
And flourish while they are asunder far;
But on a day, they meet all in a place,
And when they meet, they one another
mar.

And they be these: the Wood, the Weed,
the Wag:

The Wood is that that makes the
gallows tree;
The Weed is that that strings the hang-
man's bag;
The Wag, my pretty knave, betokens
thee.

Now mark, dear boy, while these assemble
not,
Green springs the tree, hemp grows,
the wag is wild;

THE WOOD, WEED, WAG

But when they meet, it makes the timber
rot,

It frets the halter, and it chokes the
child.

God Bless the Child!

The Lie

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,

THE LIE

Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness:

THE LIE

And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

THE LIE

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill.

The Pilgrimage

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains:
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,

THE PILGRIMAGE

That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral and pearly bowers,
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's Attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.

Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!

THE PILGRIMAGE

Thou givest salvation even for alms;
Not with a bribed lawyer's palins.
And this is mine eternal plea
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start
and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before
writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and he
Who oft doth think, must needs die we

As You Came
from the
Holy Land

As you came from the holy land
Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
As I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did
appear,
By her gait, by her grace.

AS YOU CAME

She hath left me here all alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you
alone,
And a new way doth take,
Who loved you once as her own,
And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,
But now old, as you see:
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content
And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
Or the word love abused,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused.

FROM THE HOLY LAND

But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never old, never dead,
From itself never turning.

Verses found in
his Bible in the
Gate-house at
Westminster

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Anthony Munday

Beauty sat Bath- ing by a Spring

Beauty sat bathing by a spring,
Where fairest shades did hide her,
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden:
But better memory said Fie,
So vain desire was chidden.
Hey nonny, nonny, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,
And fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion.
But even as babes in dreams do smile
And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked as wise that while
As when I fell a-sleeping.
Hey nonny, nonny, &c.

Sir Philip Sidney

The Bargain

My true love hath my heart, and I have
his,
By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have
his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses
guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his
own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have
his.

To the Tune
of Basciami
vita mia

* Sleep, Baby mine, Desire's nurse, Beauty,
singeth;
Thy cries, O baby, set mine head on
aching.
The babe cries, "'Way, thy love doth keep
me waking."

Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway good rest taking.
The babe cries, "'Way, thy love doth keep
me waking."

Since, baby mine, from me thy watching
springeth,
Sleep then a little; pap, Content is making.
The babe cries, "Nay, for that abide I
waking."

The Shep- herds' Brawl

1. We love, and have our loves rewarded.
2. We love, and are no whit regarded.
1. We find most sweet affection's snare.
2. That sweet, but sour despairful care.
1. Who can despair whom hope doth
bear?
2. And who can hope that feels despair?
- All.* As without breath no pipe doth move,
No music kindly without love.

Sonnets from
Astrophel
and Stella

SONNET I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my
love to show,
That She, dear She, might take some
pleasure of my pain;
Pleasure might cause her read, reading
might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace
obtain;
I sought fit words to paint the blackest
face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to
entertain;
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence
would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my
sunburned brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting
Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame
Study's blows;

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

And others' feet still seemed but strangers
in my way.

Thus, great with child to speak, and
helpless in my throes,

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for
spite,

"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in
thy heart, and write!"

Sonnet XI

In truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind
Thou dost proceed in thy most serious
ways,
That when the heaven to thee his best
displays,
Yet of that best thou leav'st the best
behind.
For, like a child that some fair book doth
find,
With gilded leaves or coloured vellum
plays,
Or, at the most, on some fair picture
stays,
But never heeds the fruit of writer's
mind;
So when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet
Stella, thou straight look'st babies in
her eyes,
'n her cheek's pit thou didst thy pitfold
set,
And in her breast bo-peep or couching
lies,
Playing and shining in each outward
part;
But, fool, seek'st not to get into her
heart.

Sonnet XIV

Alas, have I not pain enough, my friend,
Upon whose breast* a fiercer gripe doth
tire

Than did on him who first stole down
the fire,

While Love on me doth all his quiver
spend;

But with your rhubarb words ye must
contend

To grieve me worse in saying, that Desire
Doth plunge my well-formed soul even in
the mire

Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end?
If that be sin which doth the manners
frame,

Well stayed with truth in word and faith
of deed,

Ready of wit, and fearing nought but
shame

If that be sin which in fixt hearts doth
breed

A loathing of all loose unchastity,
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be!

Sonnet XXIII

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bewray itself in my long settled eyes,
Whence those same fumes of melancholy
rise,
With idle pains and missing aim, do
guess.
Some that know how my spring I did
address,
Deem that my Muse some fruit of know-
ledge plies;
Others, because the Prince my service
tries,
Think that I think state errors to redress.
But harder judges judge ambition's rage,
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery
place,
Holds my young brain captived in golden
cage.
O fools, or otherwise: alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop
nor start,
But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart.

Sonnet XXVI

Though dusty wits do scorn astrology,
And fools can think those lamps of purest
light,

Whose number, ways, greatness, eternity,
Promising wonders, wonder do invite,
To have for no cause birthright in the
sky

But for to spangle the black weeds of
night;

Or for some brawl which in that chamber
high

They should still dance to please a gazer's
sight:

For me, I do Nature unidle know,
And know great causes great effects pro-
cure;

And know those bodies high reign on the
low.

And if these rules did fail, proof makes
me sure,

Who oft fore-judge my after-following
race,

By only those two stars in Stella's face.

Sonnet XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou
climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that even in heavenly
place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love-acquainted
eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's
case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languisht
grace,
To me that feel the like, thy state des-
cries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell
me,
Is constant love deemed there but want
of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they
be?
Do they above love to be loved, and
yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth
possess?
Do they call virtue there, ungrateful-
ness?

Sonnet XXXIX

Come Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot
of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high
and low;
With shield of proof, shield me from out
the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth
throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest
bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to
light,
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by
right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in
me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image
see.

Sonnet XLI

Having this day my horse, my hand, my
lance
Guided so well, that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English
eyes,
And of some sent by that sweet enemy,
France;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship ad-
vance,
Townsfolks my strength; a daintier judge
applies
His praise to sleight, which from good
use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in
this,
Think Nature me a man of arms did
make.
How far they shot awry! the true cause
is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly
face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair
my race.

Sonnet LXIV

No more, my dear, no more these counsels
try;

O give my passions leave to run their
race;

Let Fortune lay on me her worst dis-
grace;

Let folk o'ercharged with brain against
me cry;

Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine
eye;

Let me no steps but of lost labour trace;

Let all the earth with scorn recount my
case;

But do not will me from my love to fly!

I do not envy Aristotle's wit,

Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;

Nor ought do care though some above
me sit;

Nor hope nor wish another course to
frame,

But that which once may win thy cruel
heart:

Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue
art.

Sonnet LXXXIII

Good brother Philip, I have borne thee
long;

I was content you should in favour creep,
While craftily you seemed your cut to
keep,

As though that soft fair hand did you
great wrong:

I bare, with envy, yet I bare, your song,
When in her neck you did love ditties
peep;

Nay, more fool I! oft suffered you to
sleep

In lilies' nest, where Love's self lies along.
What, doth high place ambitious thoughts
augment?

Is sauciness reward of courtesy?

Cannot such grace your silly self content,
But you must needs with those lips billing
be,

And through those lips drink nectar from
that tongue?

Leave that, Sir Phip, lest off your neck
be wrung!

Sonnet LXXXIV

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not
unsweet,

Tempers her words to trampling horses'
feet

More oft than to a chamber melody;
Now, blessed you, bear onward blessed
me

To her, where I my heart safe left shall
meet;

My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thank-
fully.

Be you still fair, honoured by public
heed,

By no encroachment wronged, nor time
forgot,

Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for
sinful deed;

And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much
bliss:

Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may
kiss.

Sonnet XCII

Be your words made, good Sir, of Indian
ware,
That you allow me them by so small
rate?
Or do you cutted Spartans imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare
That to my questions you so total are?
When I demand of Phoenix Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of
late:
O God, think you that satisfies my care?
I would know whether she did sit or walk;
How clothed; how waited on; sighed she
or smiled;
Whereof, with whom, how often did she
talk;
With what pastime time's journey she
beguiled;
If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor
name:
Say all; and, all well said, still say the
same.

Songs from
Astrophel
and Stella

DOUBT YOU TO WHOM MY MUSE
THESE NOTES INTENDETH

Doubt you to whom my Muse these
notes intendeth,

Which now my breast o'ercharged to
music lendeth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state
with pleasure?

Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest
treasure?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only for you the heaven forgot all
measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairness
reigneth?

Who womankind at once both decks and
staineth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetness
planteth?

Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets
wanteth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth
passions nourish?

Whose grace is such, that when it chides
doth cherish?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only through you the tree of life doth
flourish.

Who hath the hand, which without stroke
subdueth?

Who long dead beauty with increase re-
neweth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair, which, loosest, fastest
tieth?

Who makes a man live then glad when
he dieth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

DOUBT YOU TO WHOM

Who hath the voice, which soul from
senses sunders?

Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty
thunders?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes
intendeth,

Which now my breast o'ercharged to
music lendeth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Only Joy, now
here you are

Only Joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care,
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward for sharpest pain;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keep,
Jealousy itself doth sleep;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's yoke to loose or bind;
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

ONLY JOY

This small light the moon bestows
Serves thy beams but to disclose,
So to raise my hap more high;
Fear not else, none can us spy;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb Sleep holdeth all the house;
Yet asleep methinks they say,
"Young fools, take time while you may";
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Niggard time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss,
Long stay ere he grant the same:
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Your fair mother is abed,
Candles out, and curtains spread;
She thinks you do letters write;
Write, but let me first endite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Sweet, alas, why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us;

ONLY JOY

Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, my dear, let be."

Woe to me, and do you swear
Me to hate? but I forbear;
Cursed be my destinies all,
That brought me so high to fall;
Soon with my death I will please thee.
"No, no, no, my dear, let be."

**In a Grove most
Rich of Shade**

In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfumed with flowers fresh growing;

Astrophel with Stella sweet
Did for mutual comfort meet,
Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare;
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas the while,
But now tears themselves did smile,
While their eyes, by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt;
With arms crossed, yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying.

IN A GROVE

Their ears hungry of each word
Which the dear tongue would afford;
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break:
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder.

"Stella, sovereign of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy;
Stella, star of heavenly fire,
Stella, loadstar of desire;

"Stella, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of Cupid's skies,
Whose beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted;

"Stella, whose voice, when it speaks,
Senses all asunder breaks;
Stella, whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth;

"Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss;
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth;

MOST RICH OF SHADE

"Grant, O grant; but speech, alas,
Fails me, fearing on to pass:
Grant—O me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

"Grant, O dear! on knees I pray"
(Knees on ground he then did stay),
"That, not I, but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

"Never season was more fit,
Never room more apt for it;
Smiling air allows my reason;
These birds sing: now use the season.

"This small wind, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss;
Each tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring.

"Love makes earth the water drink,
Love to earth makes water sink;
And, if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?"

There his hands, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse, all grace excelling.

IN A GROVE

Then she spake; her speech was such,
As not ears, but heart did touch;
While such wise she love denied,
As yet love she signified.

"Astrophel," said she, "my love,
Cease, in these effects, to prove;
Now be still, yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve
me.

"If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish.

"If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear as you to me,
Let me home return, stark blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.

"If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

"If more may be said, I say
All my bliss in thee I lay;
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant' thee.

MOST RICH OF SHADE

"Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try;
Tyrant Honour doth thus use thee,
Stella's self might not refuse thee.

"Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named."

Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him to passion, rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

O Dear Life,
When Shall it be

O dear life, when shall it be
That mine eyes thine eyes may see,
And in them thy mind discover,
Whether absence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of the lover?

Or if I myself find not,
After parting, ought forgot,
Nor debarred from Beauty's treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell:
Only Thought aims at the pleasure.

* Thought, therefore, I will send thee
To take up the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry;
There, unseen, thou mayest be bold,
Those fair wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry.

* Thought, see thou no place forbear,
Enter bravely everywhere,
Seize on all to her belonging;
But if thou wouldst guarded be,

O DEAR LIFE

Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Think of that most grateful time
When my leaping heart will climb
In thy lips to have his bidding,
There those roses for to kiss,
Which do breathe a sugared bliss,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my most princely power,
When I blessed shall devour
With my greedy lickorous senses
Beauty, music, sweetness, love,
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts but weak defences.

Think, think of those dallyings,
When with dovelike murmurings,
With glad moaning, passed anguish,
We change eyes, and heart for heart
Each to other do depart,
Joying till joy makes us languish.

O my Thought, my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts with too much thinking;
Think no more, but die in me,
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my nectar drinking.

Who is it that
This Dark Night

Who is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth?
It is one who from thy sight,
Being, ah! exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

Why, alas! and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changed?
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

* Well, in absence this will die;
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.
Absence sure will help, if I
Can learn how myself to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

• But time will these thoughts remove:
Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the subject prove,
With time still the affection groweth
In the faithful turtle dove.

WHO, THIS DARK NIGHT

What if you new beauties see!
Will not they stir new affection?
I will think they pictures be
(Image-like, of saints' perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish!
Dear, do reason no such spite;
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

But the wrongs love bears will make
Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fools it do shake,
In a ground of so firm making
Deeper still they drive the stake.

Peace, I think that some give ear;
Come no more, lest I get anger.
Bliss, I will my bliss forbear;
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbour there.

Well, be gone; be gone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.
O unjust Fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away.

Ring out Your Bells

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows
be spread;

For Love is dead.

All love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain;
Worth, as not worth, rejected,
And Faith, fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not hear
it said

That Love is dead?

His deathbed, peacock's folly;
His winding-sheet is shame;
His will, false-seeming holy;
His sole executor, blame.

From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

RING OUT YOUR BELLS

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly
read,

For Love is dead.

Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth,

My mistress' marble heart;

Which epitaph containeth,

"Her eyes were once his dart".

From so ungrateful fancy,

From such a female frenzy,

From them that use men thus,

Good Lord, deliver us!

Alas! I lie; rage hath this error bred,

Love is not dead.

Love is not dead, but sleepeth

In her unmatched mind,

Where she his counsel keepeth,

Till due desert she find.

Therefore from so vile fancy,

To call such wit a frenzy,

Who love can temper thus,

Good Lord, deliver us!

The Epilogue

I

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-
chosen snare,

Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered
thought;

Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care,
Thou web of will, whose end is never
wrought;

Desire, Desire, I have too dearly bought,
With prize of mangled mind, thy worthless
ware;

Too long, too long asleep thou hast me
brought,

Who should my mind to higher things
prepare.

But yet in vain thou hast my ruin
sought;

In vain thou mad'st me to vain things
aspire;

In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire;
For virtue hath this better lesson taught:

Within myself to seek my only hire,

Desiring nought, but how to kill Desire.

THE EPILOGUE

II

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but
to dust;

And thou, my mind, aspire to higher
things;

Grow rich in that which never taketh
rust;

Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy
might

To that sweet yoke where lasting free-
doms be;

Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth
the light,

That doth both shine and give us sight
to see.

O take fast hold; let that light be thy
guide

In this small course which birth brings
out to death;

And think how evil becometh him to
slide,

Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly
breath.

Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I
see:

Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

Fulke Greville, Lord
Brooke

Myra

I, with whose colours Myra dressed her
head,

I, that wear posies of her own hand-
making,

I, that mine own name in the chimneys
read

By Myra finely wrought ere I was
waking:

Must I look on, in hope time coming
may

With change bring back my turn again
to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile
found

A garland sweet, with true love-knots in
flowers,

MYRA

Which I to wear about mine arms was
bound,

That each of us might know that all
was ours:

Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
And follow Cupid for his loaves and
fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be
blamed,

I, with whose eyes her eyes committed
theft,

I, who did make her blush when I was
named:

Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft,
and go naked,

Watching with sighs, till dead love be
awaked?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
Like jealousy o'erwatched with desire,

Was ever warned modesty to keep,

While her breath speaking kindled
Nature's fire:

Must I look on a-cold, while others warm
them?

Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets
arm them?

MYRA

Was it for this that I might Myra see
Washing the water with her beauties
white?

Yet would she never write her love to me;
Thinks wit of change while thoughts
are in delight?

Mad girls must safely love, as they may
leave;

No man can print a kiss; lines may
deceive.

Her Eyes

You little stars that live in skies
And glory in Apollo's glory,
In whose aspects conjoined lies
The heaven's will and nature's story,
Joy to be likened to those eyes,
Which eyes make all eyes glad or sorry;
For, when you force thoughts from above,
These over-rule your force by Love.

And thou, O Love, which in these eyes
Hast married reason with affection,
And made them saints of beauty's skies,
Where joys are shadows of perfection,
Lend me thy wings that I may rise
Up not by worth but by election;
For I have vowed, in strangest fashion,
To love and never seek compassion.

Love's Laws

Away with these self-loving lads
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads;
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep
In love of those that lie asleep;
For Cupid is a meadow-god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet Cupid's shafts, like Destiny,
Do causeless good or ill decree;
Desert is born out of his bow,
Reward upon his wing doth go:
What fools are they that have not known
That Love likes no laws but his own.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holy-days,
In every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same.
Where honour Cupid's rival is,
There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree;

LOVE'S LAWS

If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well fare nothing once a year;
For many run, but one must win:
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, that is the bow of Love;
And love as well the foster can
As can the mighty nobleman.
Sweet saint, 'tis true, you worthy be,
Yet without love nought worth to me.

John Lyly

Spring

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O! 'tis the ravished nightingale.
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu!" she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her
wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
"Cuckoo", to welcome in the spring!
"Cuckoo", to welcome in the spring!

Cupid and Campaspe

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose.
Growing on's cheek (but none knows
how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this for thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

Nicholas Breton

Phyllida and Corydon

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the woodside,
Whenas May was in his pride:
There I spied all alone
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not.
She said, never man was true;
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She said, maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.

PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON

Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not Love abuse,
Love, which long had been deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

Come,
Little Babe

Come, little babe, come, silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappy chief;
Sing lullaby, and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature
harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know
The cause of this thy mother's moan;
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone:
Why dost thou weep? why dost thou
wail?
And knowest not yet what thou dost
ail.

Come, little wretch, ah, silly heart!
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore:
'Twas I, I say, against my will,
I wail the time, but be thou still.

COME, LITTLE BABE

And dost thou smile? O, thy sweet face!
Would God himself he might thee see!
No doubt thou wouldst soon purchase
 grace,

I know right well, for thee and me:
 But come to mother, babe, and play,
 For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
 Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
 Yet mayst thou me to him commend:
 If any ask thy mother's name,
 Tell how by love she purchased blame.

The Third Pastor's Song

Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green baulk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise;
While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing;
Or, before the hounds in cry,
See the hare go stealing by;
Or, along the shallow brook-
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blessed sunny day;
Or to hear the partridge call
Till she have her covey all;
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box,
After feeding on his prey
How he closely sneaks away,
Through the hedge and down the furrow,
Till he gets into his burrow;

THE THIRD PASTOR'S SONG

Then the bee to gather honey,
And the little black-haired coney
On a bank for sunny place
With her forefeet wash her face:
Are not these, with thousands more
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights,
That may breed true love's delights?
But with all this happiness,
To behold that shepherdess
To whose eyes all shepherds yield
All the fairest of the field,
Fair Aglaia, in whose face
Lives the shepherd's highest grace;
In whose worthy wonder's praise
See what her true shepherd says.
She is neither proud nor fine,
But in spirit more divine;
She can neither lour nor leer,
But a sweeter smiling cheer;
She had never painted face,
But a sweeter smiling grace;
She can never love dissemble,
Truth doth so her thoughts assemble,
That when wisdom guides her will
She is kind and constant still.
All in sum, she is that creature
Of that truest comfort's nature
That doth show (but in exceedings)
How their praises had their breedings.

THE THIRD PASTOR'S SONG

Let then poets feign their pleasure
In their fictions of love's treasure;
Proud high spirits seek their graces
In their idol painted faces;
My love's spirit's lowliness,
In affection's humbleness,
Under heaven no happiness
Seeks, but in this shepherdess.
For whose sake I say and swear,
By the passions that I bear,
Had I got a kingly grace,
I would leave my kingly place,
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad;
Hard to lie, and go full bare,
And to feed on hungry fare;
So I might but live to be,
Where I might but sit to see
Once a day, or all day long,
The sweet subject of my song;
In Aglaia's only eyes
All my worldly Paradise.

Thomas Lodge

Rosalind's Madrigal

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
His music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye!

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee;
Then let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee;
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!

Montanus'
Sonnet

Phœbe sat,
Sweet she sat,
Sweet sat Phœbe when I saw her,
White her brow,
Coy her eye;
Brow and eye how much you please me!
Words I spent,
Sighs I sent;
Sighs and words could never draw her.
Oh my love,
Thou art lost
Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phœbe sat
By a fount,
Sitting by a fount I spied her:
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice;
Touch and voice what may distain you?
As she sang,
I did sigh,

MONTANUS' SONNET

And by sighs whilst that I tried her,
 Oh mine eyes!
 You did lose
Her first sight, whose want did pain you.

 Phoebe's flocks
 White as wool,
Yet were Phoebe's locks more whiter.
 Phoebe's eyes
 Dove-like, mild,
Dove-like eyes, both mild and cruel;
 Montan swears,
 In your lamps
He will die for to delight her.
 Phoebe, yield,
 Or I die:
Shall true hearts be fancy's fuel?

Turn I my Looks

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to fly the pain,
He meets me in the shade again;
Wend I to walk in sacred grove,
Even there I meet with sacred Love;
If so I bain me in the spring,
Even on the bank I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am there he will be.
Whenas I talk of Rosalind
The god from coyness waxeth kind,
And seems in self-same flames to fry
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue,
For why than Love I am more true:
He, if he speed, will quickly fly,
But in thy love I live and die.

**The Earth,
late Choked
with Showers**

The earth, late choked with showers,
Is now arrayed in green;
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen:
The heavens laugh at her glory,
Yet bide I sad and sorry.

The woods are decked with leaves,
And trees are clothed gay;
And Flora, crowned with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play:
Where I am clothed with black,
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices:
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing.

THE EARTH, LATE CHOKED

The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave;
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have:
They free, I thrall; they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

The Hamadryad's Song

Pluck the fruit and taste the pleasure,
Youthful lordings, of delight;
Whilst occasion gives you seizure,
Feed your fancies and your sight:
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Here on earth nothing is stable,
Fortune's changes well are known;
Whilst as youth doth then enable,
Let your seeds of joy be sown:
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Feast it freely with your lovers,
Blithe and wanton sports do fade,
Whilst that lovely Cupid hovers
Round about this lovely shade:
Sport it freely one to one,
After death is pleasure none.

THE HAMADRYAD'S SONG

Now the pleasant spring allureth,
And both place and time invites:
But, alas! what heart endureth
To disclaim his sweet delights?
After death, when we are gone,
Joy and pleasure there is none.

Love Guards
the Roses
of thy Lips

Love guards the roses of thy lips
And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within his pretty shrine;
And if I look the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same;
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my complaints doth make a game.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers;
And pity me, and calm her eye;
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers;
Then will I praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve
her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve
her.

Rosaline

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded or in twines:
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Repining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think:
Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace:
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within whose bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Her neck like to a stately tower
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,

ROSALINE

To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes:

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame

Where Nature moulds the dew of light

To feed perfection with the same:

Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,

With marble white, with sapphire blue,

Her body every way is fed,

Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Nature herself her shape admires;

The gods are wounded in her sight;

And Love forsakes his heavenly fires

And at her eyes his brand doth light:

Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan

The absence of fair Rosaline,

Since for her fair there's fairer none,

Nor for her virtues so divine:

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Heigh-ho, my heart! would God that she
were mine!

George Peele

Fair and Fair

Enone.

Fair and fair, and twice so
fair,

As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our
green,

A love for any lady.

Paris.

Fair and fair, and twice so
fair,

As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee
alone,

And for no other lady.

Enone.

My love is fair, my love is
gay,

As fresh as bin the flowers
in May,

And of my love my rounde-
lay,

My merry, merry, merry
roundelay,

FAIR AND FAIR

Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love
for new,
Pray gods they change for
worse!

Ambo Simul. They that do change old love
for new,
Pray gods they change for
worse!

Enone. My Love can pipe, my love
can sing,
My love can many a pretty
thing,
And of his lovely praises
ring

My merry, merry roundelays
Amen to Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love
for new,
Pray gods they change for
worse!

Ambo Simul. They that do change old love
for new,
Pray gods they change for
worse!

A Farewell to Arms

(TO QUEEN ELIZABETH)

His golden locks time hath to silver
turned;

O time too swift, O swiftness never
ceasing!

His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever
spurned,

But spurned in vain; youth waneth by
increasing:

Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but
fading seen;

Duty, faith, love are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees;
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy
psalms,

A man-at-arms must now serve on his
knees,

And feed on prayers, which are age his
alms:

But though from court to cottage he
depart,

His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a
song:

"Blest be the hearts that wish my sove-
reign well,

Curst be the souls that think her any
wrong".

Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your
knight.

Chidiock Tichborne

Verses Written in
the Tower the
Night before he
was Beheaded

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
And all my good is but vain hope of
gain;
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

The spring is past, and yet it hath not
sprung;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves
are green;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but
young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not
seen;

My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

WRITTEN IN THE TOWER

I sought my death, and found it in my
womb;

I looked for life, and saw it was a
shade;

I trod the earth, and knew it was my
tomb;

And now I die, and now I am but
made;

The glass is full, and now my glass is
run;

And now I live, and now my life is done!

Robert Greene

Sephestia's Cradle Song

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

SEPHESTIA'S CRADLE SONG

Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee;

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee;

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

Samela

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling
feed

When washed by Arethusa fount they lie,
Is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Decked with the ruddy glisten of her love
Is fair Samela.

Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy
move,

Shines fair Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy
streams,

Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela.

Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth
gleams;

Her brows bright arches framed of ebony:
Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,

SAMELA

And Juno in the show of majesty:

For she's Samela.

Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,

For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,

Yield to Samela.

Doron and
Carmela

Doron. Sit down, Carmela; here are cobs
for kings,
Sloes black as jet or like my
Christmas shoes,
Sweet cider which my leathern
bottle brings;
Sit down, Carmela, let me kiss
thy toes.

Carmela. Ah Doron! ah my heart! thou
art as white
As is my mother's calf or
brinded cow;
Thine eyes are like the slow-
worms in the night;
Thine hairs resemble thickest
of the snow.

The lines within thy face are
deep and clear
Like to the furrows of my
father's wain;

DORON AND CARMELA

The sweat upon thy face doth
oft appear

Like to my mother's fat and
kitchen-gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my
lips, my love!

My lips are thine, for I have
given them thee;

Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt
wear my glove;

At football sport thou shalt
my champion be.

Doron. Carmela dear, even as the
golden ball

That Venus got, such are thy
goodly eyes;

When cherries' juice is jumbled
therewithal,

Thy breath is like the steam
of apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers
fair;

Thy teeth like to the tusks of
fattest swine;

Thy speech is like the thunder
in the air:

Would God, thy toes, thy lips,
and all were mine!

DORON AND CARMELA

Carmela. Doron, what thing doth move
this wishing grief?

Doron. 'Tis Love, Carmela, ah, 'tis
cruel Love,
That, like a slave and caitiff
villain-thief,
Hath cut my throat of joy for
thy behove.

Carmela. Where was he born?

Doron. In faith, I know not where;
But I have heard much talk-
ing of his dart:
Ay me, poor man! with many a
trampling tear
I feel him wound the fore-
horse of my heart.

What, do I love? O, no, I do
but talk:

What, shall I die for love?
O, no, not so.

What, am I dead? O, no, my
tongue doth walk:

Come, kiss, Carmela, and con-
found my woe.

Carmela. Even with this kiss, as once my
father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of
delight:

DORON AND CARMELA

The sweat upon thy face doth
oft appear

Like to my mother's fat and
kitchen-gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my
lips, my love!

My lips are thine, for I have
given them thee;

Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt
wear my glove;

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fattest swine;

Thy speech is like the thunder
in the air:

Would God, thy toes, thy lips,
and all were mine!

DORON AND CARMELA

Before I break my vow the gods
forbid,

No, not by day, nor yet by
darksome night.

Doron. Even with his garland made of
hollyhocks

I cross thy brows from every
shepherd's kiss:

Heigh-ho, how glad I am to
touch thy locks!

My frolic heart even now a
freeman is.

Carmela. I thank you, Doron, and will
think on you;

I love you, Doron, and will wink
on you;

I seal your charter-patent with
my thumbs:

Come, kiss and part, for fear
my mother comes.

The Shepherd's Wife's Song

Ah, what is Love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;

And sweeter too;
For kings have cares that wait upon a
crown,

And cares can make the sweetest love to
frown:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at
night,

As merry as a king in his delight;

And merrier too;
For kings bethink then what the state
require,

Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:

Ah then, ah then,

SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king
his meat;

And blither too;
For kings have often fears when they do
sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their
cup:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton, then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;

More wanton too;
For kings have many griefs affects to
move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief
than love:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as
sound

As doth a king upon his beds of down;

More sounder too;

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep
to spill,

Where weary shepherds lie and snort their
fill:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year,
as blithe

As doth the king at every tide or sithe;

And blither too;

For kings have wars and broils to take
in hand,

Where shepherds laugh and love upon
the land:

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

The Palmer's Ode

Old Menalcas, on a day,
As in field this shepherd lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a stripe,
Said to Corydon that he
Once was young and full of glee.
"Blithe and wanton was I then:
Such desires follow men.
As I lay and kept my sheep,
Came the God that hateth sleep,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with queen Desire,
And with a dart that wounded nigh,
Pierced my heart as I did lie;
That when I woke I 'gan swear
Phyllis beauty's palm did bear.
Up I start, forth went I,
With her face to feed mine eye;
There I saw Desire sit,
That my heart with love had hit,
Laying forth bright beauty's hooks
To entrap my gazing looks.

THE PALMER'S ODE

Love I did, and 'gan to woo,
Pray and sigh; all would not do;
Women, when they take the toy,
Covet to be counted coy.
Coy she was, and I 'gan court;
She thought love was but a sport;
Profound hell was in my thought;
Such a pain Desire had wrought,
That I sued with sighs and tears;
Still ingrate she stopped her ears,
Till my youth I had spent.
Last a passion of repent
Told me flat, that Desire
Was a brand of love's fire,
Which consumeth men in thrall,
Virtue, youth, wit, and all.
At this saw, back I start,
Beat Desire from my heart,
Shook off Love, and made an oath
To be enemy to both.
Old I was when thus I fled
Such fond toys as cloyed my head,
But this I learned at Virtue's gate,
The way to good is never late."

Content

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of
content;

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber
spent;

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry
frown;

Such sweet content, such minds, such
sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet
rest,

The cottage that affords no pride nor
care,

The mean that 'grees with country music
best,

The sweet consort of mirth and music's
fare,

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom
is.

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam

The World

The world's a bubble and the life of man
Less than a span;
In his conception wretched, from the
womb,

So to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to
years

With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But limns on water, or but writes in
dust.

Yet, whilst with sorrow here we live
oppressed,

What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools,
To dandle fools;

THE WORLD

The rural part is turned into a den
Of savage men;
And where's a city from foul vice so free
But may be termed the worst of all the
three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head:
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse:
These would have children; those that
have them moan,
Or wish them gone:
What is it, then, to have or have no
wife,
But single thralldom or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease;
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil;
Wars with their noise affright us; when
they cease,
We're worse in peace:
What then remains, but that we still
should cry
For being born, and, being born, to die?

Robert Southwell

The Burning Babe

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering
in the snow,
Surprised was I with sudden heat which
made my heart to glow:
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what
fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright did in
the air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such
floods of tears did shed
As though His floods should quench His
flames with which His tears were fed:
"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born in
fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
or feel my fire but I!

"My faultless breast the furnace is; the
fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke;
the ashes, shames and scorns;

THE BURNING BABE

The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy
blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought are
men's defiled souls:
For which, as now on fire I am to work
them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash
them in my blood."
With this He vanished out of sight and
swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind that it
was Christmas Day.

A Child my Choice

Let folly praise that fancy loves, I praise
and love that Child

Whose heart no thought, whose tongue
no word, whose hand no deed defiled.

I praise Him most, I love Him best, all
praise and love is His;

While Him I love, in Him I live, and
cannot live amiss.

Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
man's most desired light,

To love Him life, to leave Him death, to
live in Him delight.

He mine by gift, I His by debt, thus each
to other due,

First friend He was, best friend He is,
all times will try Him true.

Though young, yet wise, though small, yet
strong; though man, yet God He is;

As wise He knows, as strong He can, as
God He loves to bless.

A CHILD MY CHOICE

His knowledge rules, His strength de-
fends, His love doth cherish all;
His birth our joy, His life our light, His
death our end of thrall.
Alas! He weeps, He sighs, He pants, yet
do His angels sing;
Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs,
doth bud a joyful spring.
Almighty Babe, whose tender arms can
force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct
me when I die!

Henry Constable

Damelus' Song of his Diaphenia

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh-ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams:
How blest were I if thou wouldst
prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might
move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!

As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:

Then in requite, sweet virgin, love
me!

The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis

Venus fair did ride,
Silver doves they drew her
By the pleasant lawns,
Ere the sun did rise;
Vesta's beauty rich
Opened wide to view her,
Philomel records
Pleasing harmonies.
Every bird of spring
Cheerfully did sing,
Paphos' goddess they salute.
Now Love's Queen so fair
Had of mirth no care;
For her son had made her mute.
In her breast so tender
He a shaft did enter,
When her eyes beheld a boy:
Adonis was he named,
By his mother shamed;
Yet he now is Venus' joy!

VENUS AND ADONIS

Him alone she met,
Ready bound for hunting;
Him she kindly greets,
And his journey stays;
Him she seeks to kiss,
No devices wanting;
Him her eyes still woo,
Him her tongue still prays.
He with blushing red,
Hangeth down the head;
Not a kiss can he afford;
His face is turned away,
Silence said her nay,
Still she wooed him for a word.
"Speak," she said, "thou fairest;
Beauty thou impairest;
See me, I am pale and wan:
Lovers all adore me,
I for love implore thee;"
Crystal tears with that down ran.

Him herewith she forced
To come sit down by her,
She his neck embraced,
Gazing in his face.
He, like one transformed,
Stirred no look to eye her;
Every herb did woo him,
Growing in that place.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Each bird with a ditty
Prayed him for pity,
In behalf of Beauty's Queen.
Water's gentle murmur
Craved him to love her;
Yet no liking could be seen.
"Boy," she said, "look on me,
Still I gaze upon thee,
Speak, I pray thee, my delight."
Coldly he replied,
And in brief denied
To bestow on her a sight.

"I am now too young
To be won by beauty,
Tender are my years,
I am yet a bud."
"Fair thou art," she said,
"Then it is thy duty,
Wert thou but a blossom,
To effect my good.
Every beauteous flower
Boasteth in my power,
Birds and beasts my laws effect;
Myrrha, thy fair mother,
Most of any other,
Did my lovely hests respect.
Be with me delighted,
Thou shalt be requited,

VENUS AND ADONIS

Every nymph on thee shall tend;
All the gods shall love thee,
Man shall not reprove thee;
Love himself shall be thy friend."

"Wend thee from me, Venus,
I am not disposed;
Thou wring'st me too hard,
Prithee let me go;
Fie! what a pain it is,
Thus to be enclosed!
If love begin with labour,
It will end in woe."

"Kiss me, I will leave."

"Here, a kiss receive."

"A short kiss I do it find:
Wilt thou leave me so?
Yet thou shalt not go;
Breathe once more thy balmy wind.

It smelleth of the myrrh-tree,
That to the world did bring thee;
Never was perfume so sweet."

When she had thus spoken,
She gave him a token,
And their naked bosoms meet.

"Now," he said, "let's go,
Hark, the hounds are crying,
Grisly boar is up,
Huntsmen follow fast."

VENUS AND ADONIS

At the name of boar,
Venus seemed dying,
Deadly coloured, pale,
 Roses overcast.
 "Speak," said she, "no more
 Of following the boar,
Thou, unfit for such a chase;
 Course the fearful hare,
 Venison do not spare.
If thou wilt yield Venus grace,
 Shun the boar, I pray thee,
 Else I still will stay thee."
Herein, he vowed to please her mind;
 Then her arms enlarged,
 Loth she him discharged:
Forth he went as swift as wind.

Thetis Phœbus' steeds
In the west retained,
 Hunting sport was past;
 Love her love did seek.
 Sight of him too soon,
Gentle queen, she gained;
On the ground he lay,
 Blood had left his cheek.
 For an orped swine
 Smit him in the groin,
Deadly wound his death did bring;
 Which, when Venus found,
 She fell in a swoond,

Second Chorus from
Hymen's Triumph

Desire, that is of things ungot,
See what travail it procureth,
And how much the mind endureth,
To gain what yet it gaineth not:
For never was it paid,
The charge defrayed,
According to the price of thought.

Beauty's Date

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning
dew,

Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth
show,

And straight 'tis gone, as it had never
been.

Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest
flourish,

Short is the glory of the blushing rose,
The hue which thou so carefully dost
nourish,

Yet which, at length, thou must be forced
to lose,

When thou, surcharged with burthen of
thy years,

Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the
earth,

And that in Beauty's lease, expired, ap-
pears

The date of age, the kalends of our death:

But, ah! no more, this must not be
foretold,

For women grieve to think they must
be old.

Sleep

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable
Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return!
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the mor-
row;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sor-
row.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in
vain,
And never wake to feel the day's dis-
dain.

Epistle to the
Lady Margaret,
Countess of
Cumberland

He that of such a height hath built his
mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts
so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the
frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence
he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man
survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look
down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passions mainly
beat

EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET

On flesh and blood: where honour, power,
renown

Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarchs'
wars

But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees (as if seduced), still
Conspires with power, whose cause must
not be ill.

He sees the face of Right as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses
hold.

He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high de-
sires,

That the all-guiding providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke
of wit.

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart, so near allied to earth,
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,

EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET

And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack
man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares the man that hath
prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book
of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour, all you can,
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts
as near
His glorious mansion, as your powers can
bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that hath carried
you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest
head
Passion can make; inured to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that
mind

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

Out of her form of goodness, that doth
see
Both what the best and worst of earth
can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here
befals,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of the impudent
molests,
That hath secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that without all
stain
Rises in peace, in innocence rests;
Whilst all what malice from without pro-
cures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not
yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in re-
venge
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better checked by being
contemned,
Than being pursued; leaving to him to
avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you
show,
How worthily your clearness had con-
demned

EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET

Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth
bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of his world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being powerless to re-
dress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoiled they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves
from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and even
deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still: so much delight they
have,
To carry toil and travail to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be
the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the
sum

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

And reckonings of their glory. And you
know,

This floating life hath but this port of
rest,

A heart prepared, that fears no ill to
come.

And that man's greatness rests but in his
show,

The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned
mind

Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of heaven, that though the world hath
done his worst

To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord; but still
agree,

Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthi-
ness

Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your
right,

In the inheritance of fame you must
possess:

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EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET

You that have built you by your great
deserts,

Out of small means, a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honoured
name,

Than all the gold of leaden mines can
frame.

Michael Drayton

Ballad of Agincourt

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Which in his height of pride
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed:
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

"And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me
 Nor more esteem me:
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,

BALLAD OF AGLINCOURT

Under our swords they fell:
 No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French Lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped
 Amongst his henchmen;
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there;
O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan:
 To hear was wonder.
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did'st the signal aim
 To our hid forces;

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellows starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilboes drew
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad-sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
 With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
 Still as they ran up:
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray
Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry:
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry!

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To the Virginian Voyage

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue;
Go and subdue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long;
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep;
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear;
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise.

When nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitful'st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than you wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whom the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares attend
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given),
O you, the happiest men,
Be frolic then;
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth,
As those from whom we came:
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
Apollo's sacred tree,
You it may see,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend
Industrious Hackluit,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

To Cupid

Maidens, why spare ye?
Or whether not dare ye
Correct the blind shooter?
Because wanton Venus,
So oft that doth pain us,
Is her son's tutor!

Now in the Spring
He proveth his wing,
The field is his bower;
And as the small bee,
About flyeth he
From flower to flower.

And wantonly roves
Abroad in the groves,
And in the air hovers;
Which when it him deweth,
His feathers he meweth
In sighs of true lovers.

And since doomed by Fate
(That well knew his hate)
That he should be blind,

TO CUPID

For very despite,
Our eyes be his white,
So wayward his kind.

If his shafts losing
(Ill his mark choosing)
Or his bow broken,
The moan Venus maketh,
And care that she taketh,
Cannot be spoken.

To Vulcan commending
Her love, and straight sending
Her doves and her sparrows,
With kisses, unto him,
And all but to woo him
To make her son arrows.

Telling what he hath done,
Saith she, "Right mine own son!"
In her arms him she closes,
Sweets on him fans,
Laid in down of her swans,
His sheets, leaves of roses.

And feeds him with kisses;
Which oft when he misses
He ever is froward:
The mother's o'erjoying
Makes by much coying
The child so untoward.

TO CUPID

Yet in a fine net,
That a spider set,
The maidens had caught him;
Had she not been near him,
And chanced to hear him,
More good they had taught him.

To his
Coy Love

A CANZONET

I pray thee, leave, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me:
These poor half kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts
With azure riverets branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

TO HIS COY LOVE

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coil about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone;
I cannot live without thee.

To his Rival

Her loved I most,
By thee that's lost,
Though she were won with leisure;
She was my gain,
But to my pain
Thou spoil'st me of my treasure.

The ship full fraught
With gold, far sought,
Though ne'er so wisely helmed,
May suffer wrack
In sailing back
By tempest overwhelmed.

But she, good sir,
Did not prefer
You, for that I was ranging;
But for that she
Found faith in me,
And she loved to be changing.

Therefore boast not
Your happy lot,
Be silent now you have her;

TO HIS RIVAL

The time I knew
She slighted you,
When I was in her favour.

None stands so fast
But may be cast
By fortune, and disgraced:
Once did I wear
Her garter there
Where you her glove have placed.

I had the vow
That thou hast now
And glances to discover
Her love to me,
And she to thee
Reads but old lessons over.

She hath no smile
That can beguile,
But as my thought I know it;
Yea, to a hair,
Both when and where
And how she will bestow it.

What now is thine
Was only mine,
And first to me was given;
Thou laugh'st at me,
I laugh at thee,
And thus we two are even.

TO HIS RIVAL

But I'll not mourn,
But stay my turn,
The wind may come about, sir,
And once again
May bring me in
And help to bear you out, sir.

Florimel's Ditty

FROM THE
MUSES' ELYSIUM

How in my thoughts shall I contrive
The image I am framing,
Which is so far superlative,
As 'tis beyond all naming?
I would Jove of my counsel make,
And have his judgment in it,
But that I doubt he would mistake
How rightly to begin it.
It must be builded in the air,
And 'tis my thoughts must do it,
And only they must be the stair
From earth to mount me to it.
For of my sex I frame my lay,
Each hour ourselves forsaking,
How should I then find out the way,
To this my undertaking,
When our weak fancies working still,
Yet changing every minute,
Will show that it requires some skill,
Such difficulties in it?

FLORIMEL'S DITTY

We would things, yet we know not what,
And let our will be granted,
Yet instantly we find in that
Something unthought of wanted.
Our joys and hopes such shadows are
As with our motions vary,
Which when we oft have fetched from far,
With us they never tarry.
Some worldly cross doth still attend
What long we have been spinning,
And ere we fully get the end,
We lose of our beginning.
Our policies so peevish are
That with themselves they wrangle,
And many times become the snare
That soonest us entangle;
For that the love we bear our friends,
Though ne'er so strongly grounded,
Hath in it certain oblique ends,
If to the bottom sounded;
Our own well wishing making it
A pardonable treason,
For that it is derived from wit,
And underpropped with reason.
For our dear selves' beloved sake,
Even in the depth of passion,
Our centre though ourselves we make
Yet is not that our station;
For whilst our brows ambitious be,
And youth at hand awaits us,

FLORIANEL'S DITTY

It is a pretty thing to*see
How finely beauty cheats us;
And whilst with time we trifling stand
To practise antique graces,
Age with a pale and withered hand
Draws furrows in our faces.

Daffodil

FROM THE
NINTH ECLOGUE

Batte

Gorbo, as thou camest this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields did stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffodil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never hath her beauty seen,
But through a veil of white;

Than roses richer to behold,
That trim up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold,
Though Phœbus' paramours.

Gorbo

Thou well describ'st the daffodil;
It is not full an hour,
Since by the spring, near yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

DAFFODIL

Batte

Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffodil's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

Gorbo

I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffodillies.

Batte

Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see;
For, know, my pretty Daffodil
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her feet
No lily is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

Gorbo

Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffodil:

DAFFODIL

Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward
bent
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
There goes sweet Daffodil.

it *Batte*

Ay, gentle she^{re}pherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks dost fill,
That's she alone, kind shepherd boy;
Let us to Daffodil ✓

The Ballad of Dowsabel

FROM THE
FOURTH ELOGUE

Far in the country of Arden,
There wonned a knight, hight Cassamen,
As bold as Isenbras:
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleped Dowsabel,
A maiden fair and free:
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was yconned the leir
Of mickle courtesy.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle work:
And she couth help the priest to say
His matins on a holyday,
And sing a psalm in kirk.
(B 325) 273

THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL

She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,
Which seemly was to see:
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
Ywrought full featusly.

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And lythe as lass of Kent:
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swan that swims in Trent.

This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,
To get sweet setywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-smock,
To deck her summer hall.

Thus as she wandered here and there,
And picked of the bloomy briar,
She chanced to espy
A shepherd sitting on a bank,
Like chanticleer he crowed crank,
And piped full merrily.

He learned his sheep, as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,

THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL

To feed about him round,
Whilst he full many a carol sang,
Until the fields and meadows rang,
And that the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherd swain
Was like the bedlam Tamberlane,
Which held proud kings in awe:
But meek as any lamb mought be,
And innocent of ill as he
Whom his lewd brother slaw.

This shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the finest loke
That could be cut with sheer.
His mittons were of bauzons' skin,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
His hood of miniver.

His awl and lingel in a thong,
His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
His breech of Cointree blue;
Full crisp and curled were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
So like a lover true.

THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL

That would she ought, or would she
nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frock,
White as a lily was her smock,
She drew the shepherd nigh:
But then the shepherd piped a good,
That all his sheep forsook their food,
To hear his melody.

"Thy sheep," quoth she, "cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd swain,
The which can pipe so well."

"Yea, but," saith he, "their shepherd
may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel."

"Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep."
Quoth she, "look well unto thy sheep,
Lest they should hap to stray."
Quoth he, "So had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel
Come forth to gather May."

With that she 'gan to vail her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she said;

THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL

With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid.

Saith she, "I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer hall undight,
And all for love of thee."
"My cote," saith he, "nor yet my fold,
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
Except thou favour me."

Saith she, "Yet liever I were dead,
Than I should lose my maidenhead,
And all for love of men."
Saith he, "Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then.

"And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Rosalind,
Of courtesy the flower."
"Then will I be as true," quoth she,
"As ever maiden yet might be,
Unto her paramour."

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
And him she sweetly kissed.
With that the shepherd whooped for joy.
Quoth he, "There's never shepherd's boy
That ever was so blist."

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The Fay's Marriage

FROM THE
MUSKS' ELYSIUM

MERTILLA, CLAIÀ, CLORIS

*A Nymph is married to a Fay,
Great preparations for the day;
All rites of nuptials they recite you,
To the bridal and invite you.*

Mertilla

But will our Tita wed this Fay?

Claià

Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

Mertilla

But why should she bestow herself
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?

Claià

Why, by her smallness you may find
That she is of the fairy kind,

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

And therefore apt to choose her make
Whence she did her beginning take:
Besides he's delf and wondrous airy,
And of the noblest of the Fairy,
Chief of the Crickets of much fame,
In Fairy a most ancient name.
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,
The pretty wench is wooed and won.

Cloris

If this be so, let us provide
The ornaments to fit our bride;
For they knowing she doth come
From us in Elysium,
Queen Mab will look she should be drest
In those attires we think our best;
Therefore some curious things let's give her,
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.

Mertilla

I'll have a jewel for her ear
(Which for my sake I'll have her wear),
'Tshall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupids I will have a twin,
Which struggling, with their wings shall
break
The bubble, out of which shall leak
So sweet a liquor, as shall move
Each thing that smells, to be in love.

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Clara

Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And, to this pendent, then take mine:
A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the lynx's piercing eye,
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
Shot in through the clearest day,
Whose brightness Venus' self did move
Therein to put her drink of love,
Which for more strength she did distil,
The limbeck was a phoenix' quill;
At this cup's delicious brink,
A fly approaching but to drink,
Like amber, or some precious gum,
It transparent doth become.

Cloris

For jewels for her ears she's sped;
But for a dressing for her head
I think for her I'll have a tire
That all Fairies shall admire:
The yellows in the full-blown rose,
Which in the top it doth inclose,
Like drops of gold ore shall be hung
Upon her tresses, and among
Those scattered seeds (the eye to please)
The wings of the cantharides:
With some o' the rainbow that doth rail
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail:

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Whose dainty colours being mixed
With the other beauties, and so fixed,
Her lovely tresses shall appear
As though upon a flame they were.
And, to be sure she shall be gay,
We'll take those feathers from the jay;
About her eyes in circlets set,
To be our Tita's coronet.

Merilla

Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt,
But we shall neatly send her out:
But let's amongst ourselves agree
Of what her wedding gown shall be.

Clara

Of pansy, pink, and primrose leaves,
Most curiously laid on in threaves:
And, all embroidery to supply,
Powdered with flowers of rosemary;
A trail about the skirt shall run,
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun
And every seam the nymphs shall sew
With the smallest of the spinner's clue:
And having done their work, again
These to the church shall bear her train;
Which for our Tita we will make
Of the cast slough of a snake,
Which, quivering as the wind doth blow,
The sun shall it like tinsel show.

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Cloris

And being led to meet her mate,
To make sure that she want no state,
Moons from the peacock's tail we'll shred,
With feathers from the pheasant's head:
Mixed with the plume of, so high price,
The precious bird of paradise;
Which to make up our nymphs shall ply
Into a curious canopy,
Borne o'er her head, by our enquiry,
By elfs, the fittest of the Fairy.

Mertilla

But all this while we have forgot
Her buskins, neighbours, have we not?

Clara

We had, for those I'll fit her now,
They shall be of the lady-cow:
The dainty shell upon her back
Of crimson strewed with spots of black;
Which as she holds a stately pace,
Her leg will wonderfully grace.

Cloris

But then for music of the best,
This must be thought on for the feast.

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Mertilla

The nightingale of birds most choice
To do her best shall strain her voice;
And to this bird to make a set,
The mavis, merle, and robinet,
The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
That make a choir of every bush.
But for still music, we will keep
The wren, and titmouse, which to sleep
Shall sing the bride, when she's alone,
The rest into their chambers gone.
And, like those upon ropes that walk,
On gossamer, from stalk to stalk,
The tripping fairy tricks shall play
The evening of the wedding-day.

Claia

But, for the bride-bed, what were fit,
That hath not yet been talked of yet.

Cloris

Of leaves of roses white and red,
Shall be the covering of her bed
The curtains, valence, tester, all,
Shall be the flower imperial:
And for the fringe, it all along
With azure harebells shall be hung:
Of lilies shall the pillows be,
With down stuffed of the butterfly.

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Mertilla

Thus far we handsomely have gone,
Now for our prothalamion,
Or marriage song, of all the rest
A thing that much must grace our feast.
Let us practise, then, to sing it
Ere we before the assembly bring it;
We in dialogue must do it;
Then, my dainty girls, set to it.

Claia

This day must Tita married be;
Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see.

Mertilla

But is it certain that ye say?
Will she wed the noble Fay?

Cloris

Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
Such as the gods at banquets use:
Let herbs and weeds turn all to roses,
And make proud the posts with posies:
Shoot your sweets into the air,
Charge the morning to be fair.

Claia and Mertilla

For our Tita is this day
To be married to a Fay.

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Claia

By whom, then, shall our bride be led
To the temple to be wed?

Mertilla

Only by yourself and I;
Who that roomth should else supply?

Cloris

Come, bright girls, come all together,
And bring all your offerings hither,
Ye most brave and buxom bevy,
All your goodly graces levy,
Come in majesty and state
Our bridal here to celebrate.

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Claia

Whose lot will 't be the way to strow,
On which to church our bride must go?

Mertilla

That I think as fit'st of all
To lively Lelipa must fall.

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Cloris

Summon all the sweets that are,
To this nuptial to repair;
Till with their throngs themselves they
 smother,
Strongly stilling one another;
And at last they all consume,
And vanish in one rich perfume.

Mertilla and Clia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Mertilla

By whom must Tita married be?
'Tis fit we all to that should see.

Clia

The priest he purposely doth come,
The Arch-Flamen of Elysium.

Cloris

With tapers let the temples shine,
Sing to Hymen hymns divine;
Load the altars till there rise
Clouds from the burnt sacrifice:
With your censers sling aloof
Their smells, till they ascend the roof.

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Mertilla

But coming back when she is wed,
Who breaks the cake above her head?

Claia

That shall Mertilla, for she's tallest,
And our Tita is the smallest.

Cloris

Violins, strike up aloud,
Ply the gittern, scour the crowd,
Let the nimble hand belabour
The whistling pipe, and drumbling tabor:
To the full the bagpipe rack,
Till the swelling leather crack.

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Claia

But when to dine she takes her seat,
What shall be our Tita's meat?

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Mertilla

The gods this feast, as to begin,
Have sent of their ambrosia in.

Cloris

Then serve we up the straw's rich berry,
The respas, and Elysian cherry;
The virgin honey from the flowers
In Hybla, wrought in Flora's bowers;
Full bowls of nectar, and no girl
Carouse but in dissolved pearl.

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Claia

But when night comes, and she must go
To bed, dear nymphs, what must we do?

Mertilla

In the posset must be brought,
And points be from the bridegroom
caught.

Cloris

In masks, in dances, and delight,
And rare banquets spend the night;

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Then about the room we ramble,
Scatter nuts, and for them scramble;
Over stools and tables tumble,
Never think of noise nor rumble.

Mertilla and Claia

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay.

Nymphidia

THE COURT OF FAIRY

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rabelais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowsabel,
 With such poor trifles playing;
Others the like have laboured at,
Some of this thing and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
 But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
 As they were wedded to them;
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would
 make,
 Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
 Which lie from others' reading,

NYMPHIDIA

My active Muse to light shall bring
The Court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling:

Jove prosper my proceeding!

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle Fay,
Which, meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling;
My pretty, light, fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it;
And somewhat southward toward the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made
Well mortised and finely laid;
He was the master of his trade
It curiously that builded;
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is covered with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

NYMPHIDIA

Hence Oberon him sport to make,
Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only fairies wake,
 Descendeth for his pleasure;
And Mab, his merry Queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright
(In elder times, the mare that hight),
 Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
 As hope of pastime hastes them;
Which maids think on the hearth they see
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hays by two and three,
 Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their sluttish rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe
 The house for cleanly sweeping;
And in their courses make that round
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so called the Fairy Ground,
 Of which they have the keeping.

These when a child haps to be got
Which after proves an idiot
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
 The fault therein to smother,

NYMPHIDIA

Some silly, doting, brainless calf
That understands things by the half,
Say that the Fairy left this aulfe
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well
In love and arms delighting,
Of Oberon that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well, he feared, his Queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this Fairy Knight,
One wondrous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed;
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often checkt,
And could have wished him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea or land could ought him lend
Were worthy of her wearing;
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of enmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

NYMPHIDIA

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites

Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might, without suspect or fear,
Themselves to one another clear
And have their poor hearts eased.

"At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the Queen a fitting bower,"
Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flower

On Hipcut hill that bloweth:
In all your train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather may
But she hath made it, in her way;
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb, a Fairy Page,
He sent it, and doth him engage
By promise of a mighty wage

It secretly to carry;
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all:
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must her be letting;

NYMPHIDIA

Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion her charioteer
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover, gallantly to see,
The wing of a pied butterflee;
I trow 't was simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay, for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
To wait on her were fitted;
But ran herself away alone,
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hastened after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

NYMPHIDIA

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear,
Pip and Trip and Skip that were
To Mab, their sovereign, ever dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them;
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab awhile
(Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile),
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare
When he had sought each place with care
And found his Queen was missing.

By grisly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there
An acorn cup he greeteth,

NYMPHIDIA

Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature balk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladin of France,
And those more ancient do enhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon,
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encountering with a Wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp
As though his breath he forth would
grasp,

Him for Pigwiggen taking:
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" quoth
he;

"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou diest by me!"
Whereat the poor Wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King,
Content thee, I am no such thing:
I am a Wasp, behold my sting!"

At which the Fairy started;

NYMPHIDIA

When soon away the Wasp doth go,
Poor wretch, was never frightened so;
He thought his wings were much too
 slow,
O'erjoyed they so were parted.

He next upon a Glow-worm light
(You must suppose it now was night),
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
 He took to be a devil,
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrashed her rough coat with his flail;
 The mad King feared no evil.

"Oh!" quoth the Glow-worm, "hold thy
 hand,
Thou puissant King of Fairy-land!
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
 Hold, or of life despair I!"
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seemed as black as any coal;
 Which vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive:
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
 All likely to have spoiled,

NYMPHIDIA

Which with their wax his face besmeared,
And with their honey daubed his beard:
It would have made a man afeared
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides;
He met an Ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout;
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all be-slurred head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,
As here and there he rambles;
Half blind, against a molehole hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on the other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling;
So that the grubs, therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil overhead,
Thought surely they had all been dead;
So fearful was the jumbling.

NYMPHIDIA

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury somewhat it doth slake;
He calleth for a ferry;
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishott, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancha's travel;
But should a man tell everything
Done by this frantic Fairy King,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from frenzy spoken:
"Ho, ho," quoth Hob, "God save thy
grace!
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoiled my sovereign's face,
I would his neck were broken!"

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,

NYMPHIDIA

And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us makes us to stray,
Long winter's nights, out of the way;
And when we stick in mire and clay,
Hob doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is
gone:

As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
Let everything but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her;
Bring her to me alive or dead,
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head:
That villain hath defiled my bed,
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in;

My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it.
Thorough brake, thorough briar,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire;
And thus goes Puck about it."

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward
For first this business broaching;

NYMPHIDIA

And through the air away doth go,
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The Queen bound with Love's powerful'st
charm
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping;
A humble-bee, their minstrel, played,
Upon his hautboy, every maid
Fit for this revel was arrayed,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
"My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh;
I posted to forewarn you:
The King hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt
If he but once discern you."

When, like an uproar in a town,
Before them everything went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling;

NYMPHIDIA

They flew about like chaff i' the wind;
For haste some left their masks behind;
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they, by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay;
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them;
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night;
And therefore were resolved by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanced to find a nut,
In the end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scattered by a squirrel
Which out the kernel gotten had;
When quoth this Fay, "Dear Queen, be
glad;
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

"Come all into this nut," quoth she,
"Come closely in; be ruled by me;
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room ye need not wrastle:

Nymphidia

Nor need ye be together heapt ;"
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceived if Puck the Queen should catch
That he should be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her ;
Found it must be some powerful charm,
The Queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

And listening if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear,
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descried her ;
Each circumstance and having scanned,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand ;
When to her charms she hied her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the mistletoe ;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She nightshade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hindereth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despise him.

NYMPHIDIA

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew;
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunny distilling:
The molewarp's brain mixed therewithal;
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a briar doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leap;
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog,
By the howling of the dog,
By the crying of the hog
Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfew bell,
By the doleful dying knell,
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising!

"By the mandrake's dreadful groans,
By the lubrican's sad moans,
By the noise of dead men's bones
In charnel-houses rattling;

NYMPHIDIA

By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee thou this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling!

“By the whirlwind’s hollow sound,
By the thunder’s dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits underground,
I charge thee not to fear us;
By the screech-owl’s dismal note,
By the black night-raven’s throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us!”

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she marked his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin;
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin’s heels;
Alas! his brain was dizzy!

NYMPHIDIA

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;
And as again he forward sets,

And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace;
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case,

Amongst the briars and brambles.

"A plague upon Queen Mab!" quoth he,
"And all her maids where'er they be:
I think the devil guided me,

To seek her so provoked!"

When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,

Where to the very chin he stood,

In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That waked Queen Mab, who doubted sore

Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the Queen,

What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near cracked her spleen

With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout

With Oberon yet madding:

NYMPHIDIA

And with Pigwiggen now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the Queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs he still doth cry,
"King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a Queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well-near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing:
His rapier was a hornet's sting;
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanced to hurt the King,
It would be long in healing.

NYMPHIDIA

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet did it well become him;
And for a plume a horse's hair
Which, being tossed with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to King Oberon of kin;

Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepared,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publicly proclaim him:

NYMPHIDIA

Withal that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down,
Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide
To hear his sovereign vilified;
But to the Fairy Court him hied
(Full furiously he posted),
With everything Pigwiggen said:
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was arrayed,
As how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint,
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid,
As of the courser he bestrid,
How managed, and how well he did;
The King which listened to it,

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And everything that I shall need;
By thee I will be guided;
To straight account call thou thy wit;
See there be wanting not a whit,
In everything see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

NYMPHIDIA

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand

 Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew
 Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she
 wades,

To Proserpine the Queen of Shades,
 To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
 Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who, armed to meet his foe, is gone,

 For proud Pigwiggen crying:
Who sought the Fairy King as last,
And had so well his journeys cast,
That he arrived at the last,
 His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,

NYMPHIDIA

That perfect were in everything
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage
To see them exercise their rage
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either;
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way;
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet, ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth
No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man,
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters;

NYMPHIDIA

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But came with simple open arms
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man,
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters;

NYMPHIDIA

And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regained their own,
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,

The seconds could not judge yet;
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,

These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,

They every stroke redoubled;
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troubled.

When to the infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,

When well she had them blended.
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
 Unto the place where Oberon
 And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
 Both to be slain were likely;
 And there themselves they closely hide;
 Because they would not be espied;
 For Proserpine meant to decide
 The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
 Which out of it sent such a smoke,
 As ready was them all to choke,
 So grievous was the pother;
 So that the knights each other lost,
 And stood as still as any post;
 Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
 Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease
 Proserpina commandeth peace;
 And that a while they should release
 Each other of their peril;
 "Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim
 To all in dreadful Pluto's name,
 That as ye will eschew his blame,
 You let me hear the quarrel:

"But here yourselves you must engage
 Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage;
 Your grievous thirst and to assuage
 That first you drink this liquor,

Which shall your understanding clear,
As plainly shall to you appear;
Those things from me that you shall hear
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
Is all remembrance blotted;
Of it nor can you ever think;
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had
That he for jealousy ran mad,
But of his Queen was wondrous glad,
And asked how they came thither:
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget
That he Queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing:
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kissed the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure locked up,
That they remembered nothing.

NEWFIDLE

Queen Mab and her light maids, the while,
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the King caught with this wile,
 With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy Court they went
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
 And thus I left them feasting.

Ideas

SONNET 6

How many paltry foolish painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding sheet!

Where I to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,

And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise.
Virgins and matrons, reading these my rhymes,

Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
That they shall grieve they lived not in these times,

To have seen thee, their sex's only glory:
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,

Still to survive in my immortal song.

Sonnet 8

There's nothing grieves me, but that age
should haste,
That in my days I may not see thee old,
That where those two clear sparkling eyes
are placed,
Only two loopholes then I might behold:
That lovely, arched, ivory, polished brow
Defaced with wrinkles, that I might but
see;
Thy dainty hair, so curled and crisped
now,
Like grizzled moss upon some aged tree;
Thy cheek, now flush with roses, sunk
and lean,
Thy lips with age as any wafer thin,
Thy pearly teeth out of thy head so clean,
That, when thou feed'st, thy nose shall
touch thy chin.
These lines that now thou scornst, which
should delight thee,
Then would I make thee read, but to
despite thee.

Sonnet 10

To nothing fitter can I thee compare
Than to the son of some rich penny-
father,

Who, having now brought on his end
with care,

Leaves to his son all he had heaped
together.

This new rich novice, lavish of his chest,
To one man gives, doth on another spend,
Then here he riots, yet, amongst the rest,
Haps to lend some to one true honest
friend.

Thy gifts thou in obscurity dost waste,
False friends thy kindness, born but to
deceive thee;

Thy love that is on the unworthy placed;
Time hath thy beauty, which with age
will leave thee;

Only that little which to me was lent,
I give thee back when all the rest is
spent.

Sonnet II

Your're not alone when you are still
alone:

O God, from you that I could private be!
Since you one were, I never since was
one;

Since you in me, my self since out of me,
Transported from my self into your being,
Though either distant, present yet to
either;

Senseless with too much joy, each other
seeing,

And only absent when we are together.
Give me myself, and take yourself again;
Devise some means but how I may for-
sake you;

So much is mine that doth with you re-
main,

That taking what is mine, with me I
take you

You do bewitch me: O that I could fly
From my self you, or from your own
self I!

Sonnet 20

An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me
still,
Wherewith, alas, I have been long pos-
sesst;
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,
Nor give me once but one poor minute's
rest.
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,
And when by means to drive it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth
take,
And tortures me in most extremity.
Before my face it lays down my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death;
Now tempting me to drown myself in
tears,
And then in sighing to give up my breath.
Thus am I still provoked to every evil,
By this good wicked spirit, sweet angel
devil.

Sonnet 34

Marvel not, Love, though I thy power
 admire,
Ravished a world beyond the farthest
 thought,
And knowing more than ever hath been
 taught,
That I am only starved in my desire:
Marvel not, Love, though I thy power
 admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wisdom's self to minister direction,
That I am only starved in my desire:
Marvel not, Love, though I thy power
 admire,
Though my conceit I further seem to bend
Than possibly invention can extend,
And yet am only starved in my desire:
 If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder,
 Love,
That this to me doth yet no wonder
 prove.

Sonnet 37

Dear, why should you command me to
my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to
sleep?
Methinks this time becometh lovers best;
Night was ordained, together friends to
keep.
How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day disjoin by several
flight,
The quiet evening yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night.
O thou that art so courteous else to all,
Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me only
thus,
That every creature to his kind dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
Well could I wish it would be ever day,
If, when night comes, you bid me go
away.

Sonnet 43

Why should your fair eyes, with such
sovereign grace,
Disperse their rays on every vulgar spirit,
Whilst I in darkness, in the self-same
place,
Get not one glance to recompense my
merit?
So doth the plowman gaze the wandering
star,
And only rest contented with the light,
That never learned what constellations are,
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.
O why should beauty, custom to obey,
To their gross sense apply herself so ill?
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill!
Only compelled on this poor good to
boast,
Heavens are not kind to them that know
them most.

Sonnet 44

Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my
face,

Where, in the map of all my misery,
Is modelled out the world of my disgrace:
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing times,
Medea like, I make thee young again,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing
rhymes,

And murderest virtue with thy coy disdain.
And though in youth my youth untimely
perish,

To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,
Where I entombed my better part shall
save;

And though this earthly body fade and
die,

My name shall mount upon eternity.

Sonnet 47

In pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my labouring
pen,

And first the sound and virtue of my
name

Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those, the thronged theatres that
press,

I in the circuit for the laurel strove,
Where the full praise, I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might
move.

With shouts and claps at every little
pause,

When the proud round on every side hath
rung,

Sadly I sit, unmoved with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong.

No public glory vainly I pursue,
All that I seek is to eternize you.

Sonnet 49

Thou leaden brain, which censur'st what
I write,
And sayst my lines be dull, and do not
move,
I marvel not thou feelst not my delight,
Which never felt'st my fiery touch of love.
But thou, whose pen hath like a pack-
horse served,
Whose stomach unto gall hath turned thy
food,
Whose senses, like poor prisoners, hunger-
starved,
Whose grief hath parched thy body, dried
thy blood:
Thou which hast scorned life, and hated
death,
And, in a moment, mad, sober, glad, and
sorry;
Thou which hast banned thy thoughts,
and cursed thy birth,
With thousand plagues more than in pur-
gatory:
Thou, thus whose spirit Love in his fire
refines,
Come thou and read, admire, applaud
my lines.

Sonnet 56

When like an eaglet I first found my love,
For that the virtue I thereof would know,
Upon the nest I set it forth, to prove
If it were of that kingly kind or no:
But it no sooner saw my sun appear,
But on her rays with open eyes it stood,
To show that I had hatched it for the air,
And rightly came from that brave-mount-
ing brood.

And, when the plumes were summed with
sweet desire

To prove the pinions, it ascends the skies;
Do what I could, it need'sly would aspire
To my soul's sun, those two celestial eyes.

Thus from my breast, where it was bred
alone,

It after thee is like an eaglet flown.

Sonnet 59

As Love and I late harboured in one inn,
With proverbs thus each other entertain:
In love there is no lack, thus I begin;
Fair words make fools, replieth he again:
Who spares to speak doth spare to speed,
 quoth I;

As well, saith he, too forward as too slow:
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply;
A hasty man, quoth he, ne'er wanted woe:
Labour is light where love, quoth I, doth
 pay;

Saith he, Light burden's heavy, if far
 borne:

Quoth I, the main lost, cast the bye away:
You have spun a fair thread, he replies in
 scorn.

And having thus awhile each other
 thwarted,

Fools as we met, so fools again we
 parted.

Sonnet 61

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and
part.

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my
heart,

That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our
vows,

And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest
breath,

When, his pulse failing, Passion speech-
less lies,

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of
death,

And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now, if thou wouldst, when all have
given him over,

From death to life thou might'st him
yet recover.

Christopher Marlowe

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

A Fragment

I walked along a stream, for pureness
rare,
Brighter than sunshine; for it did ac-
quaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious
prey
That in the pebble-paved channel lay.

No molten crystal, but a richer mine,
Even Nature's rarest alchemy ran there;
Diamonds resolved, and substance more
divine,
Through whose bright gliding current
might appear
A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory
shine,
Enamelling the banks, made them more
dear
Than ever was that glorious Palace gate
Where the day-shining Sun in triumph
sate.

Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,
The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,

A FRAGMENT

As kind companions, in one union grows,
Folding their twining arms, as oft we
see

Turtle-taught lovers, either other close,
Lending to dulness feeling sympathy;
And as a costly valance o'er a bed,
So did their garland tops the brook o'er-
spread.

Their leaves, that differed both in shape
and show,
Though all were green, yet difference
such in green,
Like to the checkered bent of Iris' bow,
Prided the running main, as it had
been . . .

William Shakespeare

Come unto these Yellow Sands

FROM "THE TEMPEST"

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting cnanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Full Fathom Five

FROM "THE TEMPEST"

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them: Ding-dong,
bell.

Where the Bee Sucks

FROM "THE TEMPEST"

Where the bee sucks there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

Who is Sylvia?

FROM "THE TWO
GENTLEMEN OF
VERONA"

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her.
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling:
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Take, O, Take
those Lips Away

FROM "MEASURE
FOR MEASURE"

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in
vain.

Sigh no More, Ladies

FROM "MUCH ADO
ABOUT NOTHING"

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

On a Day

FROM "LOVE'S
LABOUR'S LOST"

On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow:
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiopè were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

WHEN DAISIES BLED

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When Daisies
Pied and
Violets Blue

FROM "LOVE'S
LABOUR'S LOST"

Spring

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

WHEN DICKEN FED

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

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Over Hill, over Dale

FROM "A MIDSUMMER-
NIGHT'S DREAM"

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here
anon.

You Spotted Snakes

FROM "A MIDSUMMER-
NIGHT'S DREAM"

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

The Ousel Cock

FROM "A MIDSUMMER-
NIGHT'S DREAM"

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,

The finch, the sparrow, and the jay,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark
And dares not answer nay.

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Now the Hungry Lion Roars

FROM "A MIDSUMMER-
NIGHT'S DREAM"

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Tell me Where is Fancy Bred

FROM "THE MERCHANT
OF VENICE"

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell,
Ding, dong, bell.

Under the Greenwood Tree

FROM "AS YOU
LIKE IT"

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
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Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

BLIND, FROM THE STREET

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green
holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:

Then heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

It Was a Lover and His Lass

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT "

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

A LOVER AND HIS LASS

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

O Mistress Mine

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low: *
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

When that I
was and a Little
Tiny Boy

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their
gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

WHEN THAT I WAS

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

When Daffodils Begin to Peer

FROM "THE
WINTER'S TALE"

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's
pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how
they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and
the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

Jog on, Jog on

FROM "THE
WINTER'S TALE"

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Lawn as White as Driven Snow

FROM "THE
WINTER'S TALE"

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come
buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Why, let the
Stricken Deer
go Weep

FROM "HAMLET"

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must
sleep:
So runs the world away.

How should I
your True
Love know

FROM "HAMLET"

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

And Will He Not Come Again?

FROM "HAMLET"

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

Hark, Hark!
the Lark

FROM "CYMBELINE"

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

Fear no More
the Heat o'
the Sun

FROM "CYMBELINE"

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

FEAR NO MORE

No exorciser harm thee! .
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

The Phoenix and the Turtle

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feathered king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

PHOENIX AND TURTLE

Here the anthem doth commence;
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division one:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

PHOENIX AND TURTLE

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest:
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be:
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

Sonnet XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's
eyes,

I all alone beweepe my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries

And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends
possessed,

Desiring this man's art and that man's
scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost de-
spising,

Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at
heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remembered such
wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state
with kings.

Sonnet XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent
thought

I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancelled
woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanished
sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,

All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Sonnet LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but
tend

Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the 'world-without-end
hour

Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock
for you,

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once
adieu;

Nor dare I question with my jealous
thought

Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of
nought

Save, where you are how happy you make
those.

So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no
ill.

Sonnet LX

Like as the waves make towards the
pebbled shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes
before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,

Crawls to maturity, wherewith being
crowned,

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,

And Time that gave doth now his gift
confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on
youth

And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,

Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to
mow:

And yet to times in hope my verse shall
stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel
hand.

Sonnet LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand
defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried
age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-
razed
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with
store;
When I have seen such interchange of
state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
That Time will come and take my love
away.
This thought is as a death, which can-
not choose
But weep to have that which it fears to
lose.

Sonnet LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor
boundless sea,

But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a
plea,

Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold
out

Against the wreckful siege of battering
days,

When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time
decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest
lie hid?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift
foot back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still
shine bright.

Sonnet LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I
cry,

As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would
I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

Sonnet LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms
to dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be
forgot

If thinking on me then should make you
woe.

O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with
clay,

Do not so much as my poor name re-
hearse,

But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into
your moan

And mock you with me after I am
gone.

Sonnet LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me be-
hold

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
hang

Upon those boughs which shake against
the cold,

Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet
birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such
day

As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take
away,

Death's second self, that seals up all in
rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such
fire

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nour-
ished by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy
love more strong,

To love that well which thou must
leave ere long.

Sonnet XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do
none,
That do not do the thing they most do
show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as
stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their
faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer
sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection
meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their
deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than
weeds.

Sonnet XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting
year!

What freezings have I felt, what dark days
seen!

What old December's bareness every-
where!

And yet this time removed was summer's
time,

The teeming autumn, big with rich in-
crease,

Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' de-
cease:

Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on
thee,

And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a
cheer

That leaves look pale, dreading the
winter's near.

Sonnet XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dressed in all his
trim

Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped
with him.

Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet
smell

Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where
they grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of de-
light,

Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did
play.

Sonnet CII

My love is strengthened, though more
weak in seeming;

I love not less, though less the show
appear:

That love is merchandized whose rich
esteeming

The owner's tongue doth publish every-
where.

Our love was new and then but in the
spring

When I was wont to greet it with my
lays,

As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper
days:

Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush
the night,

But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear
delight.

Therefore like her I sometime hold my
tongue,

Because I would not dull you with my
song.

Sonnet CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I
 eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three
 winters cold
Have from the forests shook three
 summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
 turned
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes
 burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are
 green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace per-
 ceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still
 doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be de-
 ceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age
 unbred;
Ere you were born was beauty's summer
 dead.

Sonnet CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed

Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they looked but with divining
eyes,

They had not skill enough your worth to
sing:

For we, which now behold these present
days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues
to praise.

Sonnet CX

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap
what is most dear,

Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another
youth,

And worse essays proved thee my best of
love.

Now all is done, have what shall have
no end:

Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven
the best,

Even to thy pure and most most loving
breast.

Sonnet CXI

O, for my sake do you with Fortune
chide,

The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a
brand,

And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renewed;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infec-

tion;

No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure
ye

Even that your pity is enough to cure
me.

Sonnet CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Sonnet CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of
blame,

Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, ex-
treme;

A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none
knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to
this hell.

Sonnet CXLIII

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift
dispatch

In pursuit of the thing she would have
stay,

Whilst her neglected child holds her in
chase,

Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from
thee,

Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to
me,

And play the mother's part, kiss me, be
kind:

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy
"Will",

If thou turn back, and my loud crying
still.

Sonnet CXLVI

poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
boiled by these rebel powers that thee
array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer
dearth,
painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a
lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion
spend?
hall worms, inheritors of this excess,
eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's
loss,
and let that pine to aggravate thy store;
buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds
on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more
dying then.

Thomas Campion

Follow your
Saint, follow
with Accents
Sweet!

Follow your saint, follow with accents
sweet!

Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying
feet!

There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity
move,

And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish
for her love:

But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and
ne'er return again!

All that I sang still to her praise did
tend;

Still she was first; still she my songs did
end:

FOLLOW YOUR SAINT

Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her Echo is and beauty's
sympathy.

Then let my notes pursue her scornful
flight!

It shall suffice that they were breathed
and died for her delight.

Hark, all you
Ladies that
do Sleep!

Hark, all you ladies that do sleep!
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep:
You may do in the dark
What the day doth forbid;
Fear not the dogs that bark,
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will send abroad her fairies every one,
That shall pinch black and blue
Your white hands and fair arms
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs
The fairy-queen Proserpina,
This night by moonshine leading merry
rounds,

HARK, ALL YOU LADIES

Holds a watch with sweet love,
Down the dale, up the hill;
No plaints nor groans may move
Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove;
Roses red, lilies white,
And the clear damask hue,
Shall on your cheeks alight:
Love will adorn you.

All you that love or loved before,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you increase that loving humour
more:
They that have not fed
On delight amorous,
She vows that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus.

When Thou
must Home
to Shades of
Underground

When thou must home to shades of underground,

And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music
hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,

Of masques and revels which sweet youth
did make,

Of tourneys and great challenges of
knights,

And all those triumphs for thy beauty's
sake:

When thou hast told these honours done
to thee,

Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder
me.

Whether Men do Laugh or Weep

Whether men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold;
There is, underneath the sun,
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest:
None are worst, and none are best;
Grief and joy, and hope and fear,
Play their pageants everywhere:
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
Mocking our poor apish wit;
That so lamely, with such state,
Their high glory imitate:
No ill can be felt but pain,
And that happy men disdain.

Where are all
Thy Beauties
now?

Where are all thy beauties now, all hearts
enchaining?
Whither are thy flatterers gone with all
their feigning?
All fled! and thou alone still here remain-
ing!

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is
turned!
Cold, as thou art, are thy loves, that so
much burned!
Who die in flatterers' arms are seldom
mourned.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still pro-
claimed,
That none worthier than thyself thy worth
hath blamed;
When their poor names are lost, thou
shalt live famed.

WHERE ARE THY BEAUTIES

When thy story, long time hence, shall
be perused,
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus ex-
cused,
"None ever lived more just, none more
abused".

What then
is Love but
Mourning?

What then is love but mourning?
What desire, but a self-burning?
Till she, that hates, doth love return,
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Beauty is but a blooming,
Youth in his glory entombing;
Time hath a while, which none can stay:
Then come away, while thus I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Summer in winter fadeth;
Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth:
Like to the morn, are Venus flowers;
Such are her hours: then will I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Turn all thy
Thoughts
to Eyes

Turn all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies,
And all thy joys to fears:
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,
Conjectures into truth,
Believe what the envious say,
Let age interpret youth:
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look,
Rack every hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hook;
True love cannot be caught.
For that will still be free,
In spite of jealousy!

Love Me or
not, Love Her
I Must or Die

Love me or not, love her I must or die;
Leave me or not, follow her, needs must I.
O that her grace would my wished com-
forts give!

How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be,
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me:
Envy should cease, her would I love
alone:

Who loves by looks is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
Her would I charm softly that none
should hear.

But love enforced rarely yields firm con-
tent;

So would I love that neither should repent.

**Awake, thou
Spring of
Speaking Grace!**

Awake, thou spring of speaking grace!
mute rest becomes not thee!

The fairest women, while they sleep, and
pictures, equal be.

O come and dwell in love's dis-
courses!

Old renewing, new creating.

The words which thy rich tongue
discourses,

Are not of the common rating!

Thy voice is as an Echo clear which
Music doth beget,

Thy speech is as an Oracle which none
can counterfeit:

For thou alone, without offending,
Hast obtained power of enchant-
ing;

And I could hear thee without
ending,

Other comfort never wanting.

AWAKE, THOU SPRING

Some little reason brutish lives with
human glory share;

But language is our proper grace, from
which they severed are.

As brutes in reason man surpasses,

Men in speech excel each other:

If speech be then the best of graces,

Do it not in slumber smother!

There is None,
O None but You

There is none, O none but you,
That from me estrange your sight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view
Or chained ears hear with delight.

Other beauties others move,
In you I all graces find;
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust,
Only seem you fair to me;
Yet prove truly kind and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford me then your sight,
That, surveying all your looks,
Endless volumes I may write
And fill the world with envied books:

Which when after-ages view,
All shall wonder and despair,
Woman to find man so true,
Or man a woman half so fair.

Follow thy
Fair Sun,
Unhappy
Shadow!

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth;
Though here thou livest disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world
reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty
burneth,
That so have scorched thee,
As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams thy black to bright-
ness turneth.

Follow her! while yet her glory shineth:
There comes a luckless night,
That will dim all her light;
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

FOLLOW THY FAIR SUN

Follow still! since so thy fates ordained;
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade;
The sun still proved, the shadow still
disdained.

Though your
Strangeness
Frets my Heart

Though your strangeness frets my heart,
Yet may not I complain:
You persuade me, 'tis but art,
That secret love must feign.
If another you affect,
'Tis but a show, to avoid suspect.
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Your wished sight if I desire,
Suspicious you pretend:
Causeless you yourself retire,
While I in vain attend.
This a lover whets, you say,
Still made more eager by delay.
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

When another holds your hand,
You swear I hold your heart:
When my rivals close do stand,
And I sit far apart,
I am nearer yet than they,
Hid in your bosom, as you say.
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

THOUGH YOUR STRANGENESS

Would my rival then I were,
Or else your secret friend:
So much lesser should I fear,
And not so much attend.
They enjoy you, every one,
Yet I must seem your friend alone.
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Now let Her
Change and
Spare not!

Now let her change and spare not!
Since she proves strange I care not:
Feigned love charmed so my delight
That still I doted on her sight.
But she is gone, new joys embracing
And my desires disgracing.

When did I err in blindness,
Or vex her with unkindness?
If my cares served her alone,
Why is she thus untimely gone?
True love abides to the hour of dying:
False love is ever flying.

False! then, farewell for ever!
Once false proves faithful never:
He that boasts now of thy love,
Shall soon my present fortunes prove.
Were he as fair as bright Adonis,
Faith is not had, where none is.

Kind are
her Answers

Kind are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day;
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own music when they stray.
All her free favours
And smooth words wing my hopes in vain.
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedom,
When we submit to women so:
Why do we need them
When, in their best they work our woe?
There is no wisdom
Can alter ends, by Fate prefixt.
O why is the good of man with evil mixt?
Never were days yet called two,
But one night went betwixt.

"Maids are
Simple," some
men Say

"Maids are simple," some men say,
"They, forsooth, will trust no men."
But should they men's wills obey,
Maids are very simple then.

Truth, a rare flower now is grown,
Few men wear it in their hearts;
Lovers are more easily known
By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give
To a faithless wandering Jew
Than a young man's vows believe
When he swears his love is true.

Love they make a poor blind child,
But let none trust such as he:
Rather than to be beguiled,
Ever let me simple be.

**Come, O come,
my Life's Delight**

Come, O come, my life's delight,
Let me not in languor pine!
Love loves no delay; thy sight,
The more enjoyed, the more divine:
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee!

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss.
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come, then, and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light.

**Give
Beauty all
her Right**

Give beauty all her right,
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfections 'bide.
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
And Rosamond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends;
Some swelling lips and red;
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime:
She visits every ground,
And favours every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My Sovereign is as sweet and fair.

Rose-cheeked Laura, Come

Rose-cheeked Laura, come;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing,

Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framed;
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them,
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
selves eternal.

Thrice toss
these Oaken
Ashes in
the Air

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted
chair;
And thrice three times, tie up this true
love's knot!
And murmur soft "She will, or she will
not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue
fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prick-
ling briar;
This cypress gathered at a dead man's
grave;
That all thy fears and cares an end may
have.

Then come, you Fairies, dance with me
a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious
sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

Shall I Come,
Sweet Love,
to Thee

Shall I come, sweet love, to thee,
When the evening beams are set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you find no feigned let?
Let me not, for pity, more,
Tell the long hours at your door!

Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite?
So may I die unredrest,
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain.
Do not mock me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

Thus I Resolve,
and Time hath
Taught me So

Thus I resolve, and time hath taught me
so,

Since she is fair and ever kind to me,
Though she be wild and wanton-like in
show,

Those little stains in youth I will not see,
That she be constant, heaven I oft implore:
If prayers prevail not, I can do no more.

Palm-tree the more you press, the more it
grows;

Leave it alone it will not much exceed.
Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose:
And for affection, strange distaste you
breed.

What Nature hath not taught, no Art can
frame:

Wild born be wild still, though by force
you tame.

Never
Love unless
you Can

Never love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man:
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see;
And hang the head, as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,
Make a show of love to more:
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one:
For what is courtship, but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men, when their affairs require,
Must a while themselves retire,
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
If these and such like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear!

So Quick, so
Hot, so Mad is
thy Fond Suit

So quick, so hot, so mad is thy fond suit,
So rude, so tedious grown, in urging
me,
That fain I would, with loss, make thy
tongue mute,
And yield some little grace to quiet
thee:

An hour with thee I care not to converse,
For I would not be counted too perverse.

But roofs too hot would prove for me all
fire;

And hills too high for my unused pace;
The grove is charged with thorns and the
bold briar;

Gray snakes the meadows shroud in every
place:

A yellow frog, alas, will fright me so,
As I should start and tremble as I go.

SO QUICK, SO HOT

Since then I can on earth no fit room find,
In heaven I am resolved with you to
meet:

Till then, for hope's sweet sake, rest your
tired mind

And not so much as see me in the street:
A heavenly meeting one day we shall have,
But never, as you dream, in bed, or grave.

**Silly Boy,
't is Full
Moon Yet**

Silly boy, 't is full moon yet, thy night as
day shines clearly;
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst
not love so dearly.
Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures
are bereaved;
Little knows he how to love that never
was deceived.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs
yet unstained;
All is artless now you speak, not one word,
yet, is feigned;
All is heaven that you behold, and all your
thoughts are blessed;
But no spring can want his fall, each
Troilus hath his Cressid.

Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely
hang neglected;
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief
on earth dejected.

SILLY BOY

Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that
made thy heart so holy,
And with sighs confess, in love that too
much faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still! Love may
beget a wonder,
Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's
fatal thunder.
He that holds his sweetheart true, unto
his day of dying,
Lives, of all that ever breathed, most
worthy the envying.

If thou
Long'st so
much to Learn

If thou long'st so much to learn, sweet
boy, what 'tis to love,
Do but fix thy thought on me and thou
shalt quickly prove.
Little suit, at first, shall win
Way to thy abashed desire,
But then will I hedge thee in
Salamander-like with fire!

With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy
fond dalliance bear;
We the grovy hills will climb, and play the
wantons there;
Other whiles we'll gather flowers,
Lying dallying on the grass;
And thus our delightful hours
Full of waking dreams shall pass.

When thy joys were thus at height, my
love should turn from thee;

Old acquaintance then should grow as
 strange as strange might be;
Twenty rivals thou shouldst find,
 Breaking all their hearts for me,
While to all I'll prove more kind
 And more forward than to thee.

Thus, thy silly youth, enraged, would soon
 my love defy;
But, alas, poor soul, too late! clipt wings
 can never fly.
Those sweet hours which we had past,
 Called to mind, thy heart would burn;
And couldst thou fly ne'er so fast,
 They would make thee straight return.

Break now,
my Heart,
and Die

Break now, my heart, and die! O no,
she may relent.

Let my despair prevail! O stay, hope is
not spent.

Should she now fix one smile on thee,
where were despair?

The loss is but easy, which smiles can
repair.

A stranger would please thee, if she were
as fair.

Her must I love or none, so sweet none
breathes as she;

The more is my despair, alas, she loves
not me!

But cannot time make way for love through
ribs of steel?

The Grecian, enchanted all parts but the
heel,

At last a shaft daunted, which his heart
did feel.

Why Presumes
thy Pride
on That

Why presumes thy pride on that that must
so private be,
Scarce that it can good be called, though
it seems best to thee,
Best of all that Nature framed or curious
eye can see?

'Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid, that like a
blossom grows;
Which who views no more enjoys than on
a bush a rose,
That, by many's handling, fades: and thou
art one of those.

If to one thou shalt prove true, and all
beside reject,
Then art thou but one man's good, which
yields a poor effect:
For the commonest good by far deserves
the best respect.

WHY PRESUMES THY PRIDE

But if for this goodness thou thyself wilt
common make,
Thou art then not good at all: so thou
canst no way take
But to prove the meanest good or else all
good forsake.

Be not then of beauty proud, but so her
colours bear
That they prove not stains to her, that
them for grace should wear:
So shalt thou to all more fair than thou
wert born appear.

Blame not my Cheeks

Blame not my cheeks, though pale with
love they be;
The kindly heat unto my heart is flown,
To cherish it that is dismayed by thee,
Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown:
For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,
Neglects and quite forsakes the outward
parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood
are stained,
Nurse not one spark of love within their
hearts;
And, when they woo, they speak with
passion feigned,
For their fat love lies in their outward
parts:
But in their breasts, where Love his court
should hold,
Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for
cold.

If I Hope, I
Pine; if I Fear, I
Faint and Die

If I hope, I pine; if I fear, I faint and
die;

So, between hope and fear, I desperate lie,
Looking for joy to heaven, whence it
should come:

But hope is blind; joy, deaf; and I am
dumb.

Yet I speak and cry; but, alas, with words
of woe:

And joy conceives not them that murmur
so.

He that the ears of joy will ever pierce,
Must sing glad notes, or speak in happier
verse.

The Man of Life Upright

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things;

THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

**Awake, Awake,
thou Heavy
Sprite**

Awake, awake, thou heavy sprite,
That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin!
Rise now and walk the ways of light!
'Tis not too late yet to begin.
Seek heaven early, seek it late:
True Faith still finds an open gate.

Get up, get up, thou leaden man!
Thy track to endless joy or pain
Yields but the model of a span;
Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain!
One minute bounds thy bane or bliss!
Then watch and labour, while time is.

Come, Cheerful
Day, Part of
my Life to Me

Come, cheerful day, part of my life to me:
For while thou view'st me with thy fading
light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night.
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly:
So every day we live a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you,
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,
By feigned death life sweetly to renew!
Part of my life in that, you life deny:
So every day we live a day we die.

How Easily Wert Thou Chained

How easily wert thou chained,
Fond heart, by favours feigned!
Why lived thy hopes in grace,
Straight to die disdained?
But since thou art now beguiled
By love that falsely smiled,
In some less happy place
Mourn alone exiled!
My love still here increaseth,
And with my love my grief,
While her sweet bounty ceaseth,
That gave my woes relief.
Yet 'tis no woman leaves me,
For such may prove unjust;
A goddess thus deceives me,
Whose faith who could mistrust?

A goddess so much graced,
That Paradise is placed
In her most heavenly breast,
Once by love embraced:

HOW EASILY CHAINED

But love, that so kind proved,
Is now from her removed,
Nor will he longer rest
Where no faith is loved.
If powers celestial wound us
And will not yield relief,
Woe then must needs confound us,
For none can cure our grief.
No wonder if I languish
Through burden of my smart:
It is no common anguish
From Paradise to part.

**Harden now
thy Tired
Heart**

Harden now thy tired heart, with more
than flinty rage!
Ne'er let her false tears henceforth thy
constant grief assuage!
Once true happy days thou saw'st when she
stood firm and kind,
Both as one then lived and held one ear,
one tongue, one mind:
But now those bright hours be fled, and
never may return;
What then remains but her untruths to
mourn?

Silly traitoress, who shall now thy careless
tresses place?
Who thy pretty talk supply, whose ear thy
music grace?
Who shall thy bright eyes admire? what
lips triumph with thine?
Day by day who'll visit thee and say:
"Thou art only mine?"
Such a time there was, God wot, but such
shall never be:
Too oft, I fear, thou wilt remember me.

**Jack and Joan,
they Think no Ill**

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-days' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day:
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out, at a country feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is content;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tuttyes make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.

JACK AND JOAN

Jack knows what brings gain or loss;
And his long flail can stoutly toss;
Makes the hedge, which others break;
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights;
Though you scorn the home-spun gray,
And revel in your rich array:
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

The Peaceful Western Wind

The peaceful western wind
The winter storms hath tamed,
And Nature in each kind
The kind heat hath inflamed:
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
Out of their earthly bowers,
That heaven, which views their pomp
beneath,
Would fain be decked with flowers.

See how the morning smiles
On her bright eastern hill,
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumbering still!
The music-loving birds are come
From cliffs and rocks unknown,
To see the trees and briars bloom
That late were overflown.

What Saturn did destroy,
Love's Queen revives again;
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remain,

PEACEFUL WESTERN WIND

Where he such pleasing change doth view
In every living thing,
As if the world were born anew
To gratify the spring.

If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then?
Why suffers my content?
Am I the worst of men?
O, Beauty, be not thou accused
Too justly in this case!
Unkindly if true love be used,
'Twill yield thee little grace.

What is a Day,
What is a Year?

What is a day, what is a year
Of vain delight and pleasure?
Like to a dream it endless dies,
And from us like a vapour flies:
And this is all the fruit that we find,
Which glory in worldly treasure.

He that will hope for true delight,
With virtue must be graced;
Sweet folly yields a bitter taste,
Which ever will appear at last:
But if we still in virtue delight,
Our souls are in heaven placed.

Think'st thou to
Seduce me then
with Words
that have
no Meaning?

Think'st thou to seduce me then with
words that have no meaning?
Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech
by pieces gleaning:
Nurses teach their children so about the
time of weaning.

Learn to speak first, then to woo: to
wooing, much pertaineth:
He that courts us wanting art, soon falieth
when he feigneth,
Looks asquint on his discourse, and smiles,
when he complaineth.

Skilful anglers hide their hooks, fit baits
for every season;
But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes
do, that want reason:
Gudgeons only can be caught with such
poor tricks of treason.

THINK'ST THOU THEN

Ruth forgive me, if I erred from human
heart's compassion,
When I laughed sometimes too much to
see thy foolish fashion:
But, alas, who less could do that found
so good occasion!

Dear, if I with
Guile would Gild
a True Intent

Dear, if I with guile would gild a true
intent,
Heaping flatteries that in heart were never
meant:

Easily could I then obtain
What now in vain I force;
Falsehood much doth gain,
Truth yet holds the better course.

Love forbid that through dissembling I
should thrive,
Or in praising you myself of truth de-
prive!

Let not your high thoughts debase
A simple truth in me:
Great is Beauty's grace,
Truth is yet as fair as she!

Praise is but the wind of pride, if it ex-
ceeds;
Wealth, prized in itself, no outward value
needs.

DEAR, IF I WITH GUILF

Fair you are, and passing fair;
You know it, and 'tis true:
Yet let none despair
But to find as fair as you.

**Her Fair
Inflaming
Eyes**

Her fair inflaming eyes,
Chief authors of my cares,
I prayed in humblest wise
With grace to view my tears:
They beheld me broad awake,
But, alas, no ruth would take.

Her lips with kisses rich,
And words of fair delight,
I fairly did beseech,
To pity my sad plight:
But a voice from them brake forth,
As a whirlwind from the north.

Then to her hands I fled,
That can give heart and all;
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pity call:
But, alas, they put me off,
With a touch worse than a scoff.

HER FAIR INFLAMING EYES

So back I straight returned,
And at her breast I knocked;
Where long in vain I mourned,
Her heart so fast was locked:
Not a word could passage find,
For a rock enclosed her mind.

Then down my prayers made way
To those most comely parts,
That make her fly or stay,
As they affect deserts:
But her angry feet, thus moved,
Fled with all the parts I loved.

Yet fled they not so fast,
As her enraged mind:
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behind;
Till I found 'twas to no end
With a Spirit to contend.

My Sweetest
Lesbia, let us
Live and Love

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love;
And though the sager sort our deeds re-
prove,

Let us not weigh them: heaven's great
lamps do dive

Into their west, and straight again re-
vive:

But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever - during
night.

If all would lead their lives in love like
me,

Then bloody swords and armour should
not be;

No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps
should move,

Unless alarm came from the camp of
love:

But fools do live, and waste their little
light,

And seek with pain their ever - during
night.

MY SWEETEST LESBIA

When timely death my life and fortune
ends,

Let not my hearse be vexed with mourn-
ing friends;

But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy
tomb:

And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

Now Winter Nights Enlarge

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours;
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine!
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love
While youthful revels, masques, and
courtly sights,
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well;
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but
toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

Thomas Nashe

Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's
pleasant king;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
in a ring,

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses
gay,

Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe
all day,

And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
our feet,

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do
greet,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

Spring, the sweet Spring!

A Lament in Time of Plague

Adieu! farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

LAMENT IN TIME OF PLAGUE

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave:
Swords may not fight with fate:
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come, the bells do cry:
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness:
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny:
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Sir Henry Wotton

A Woman's Heart

O faithless world, and thy most faithless
part,

A woman's heart!

The true shop of variety, where sits

Nothing but fits

And fevers of desire, and pangs of love,

Which toys remove.

Why was she born to please? or I to trust

Words writ in dust,

Suffering her eyes to govern my despair,

My pain for air;

And fruit of time rewarded with untruth,

The food of youth?

Untrue she was; yet I believed her eyes,

Instructed spies,

Till I was taught that love was but a
school

To breed a fool.

A WOMAN'S HEART

Or sought she more, by triumphs of denial,
To make a trial
How far her smiles commanded my weakness?

Yield and confess!
Excuse no more thy folly; but, for cure,
Blush and endure
As well thy shame as passions that were
vain;

And think, 'tis gain,
To know that love lodged in a woman's
breast
Is but a guest.

The Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

THE HAPPY LIFE

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

A Description of the Spring

And now all nature seemed in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
New juice did stir the embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines;
The jealous trout that now did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly:
There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possessed
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest:
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice.
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy football swain,
Joan strokes a sillabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulip, crocus, violet;
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looked gay, all full of cheer,
To welcome the new-liveried year.

On His Mistress,
the Queen of
Bohemia

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

Barnabe Barnes

Content

Ah, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?
Is it with shepherds, and light-hearted
swains,
Which sing upon the downs, and pipe
abroad,
Tending their flocks and cattle on the
plains?
Ah, sweet Content, where dost thou safely
rest?
In heaven, with angels? which the praises
sing
Of Him that made, and rules at His
behest,
The minds and hearts of every living thing.
Ah, sweet Content, where doth thine har-
bour hold?
Is it in churches, with religious men,
Which please the gods with prayers
manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then?
Whether thou dost in heaven or earth
appear,
Be where thou wilt: thou wilt not har-
bour here.

NOTES

In making this anthology of sixteenth-century poetry I have proceeded, first, as if no other anthology had ever been made, and I have read through the entire poetical literature of the period, so far as it was accessible to me, and so far as it came within the scope of a selection of separate poems; with the single exception, that I have relied on Mr. Bullen's wide knowledge and exquisite judgment in the case of the Elizabethan song-books, and have made my own choice from his final edition of his *Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age*. Campion I have read independently, but also in his edition; and it is by his kind permission that I have printed from these and other texts of his. After I had finished this course of reading, I consulted the anthologies of English verse which I knew: *The Golden Treasury*, Mr. Beeching's *Paradise of English Poetry*, Mr. Quiller Couch's *Golden Pomp*, Mr. Arber's *British Anthologies* and *English Garner*, Mr. Linton's *Rare Poems*. The only two poems that I can remember to have come upon for the first time in any of these anthologies are the lines of Howell, which I found in *The Golden Pomp*, and the full text of Verstegen's "Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby", which I found in Mr. Arber's *Shakespeare Anthology*. I have done my best to give an accurate text of all the poems which I have reprinted; always following the best edition known to me, and in as many cases as possible collating such texts with the original editions. I have thus been able to correct a considerable number of erroneous readings, which we find repeated in edition after edition. For one correction I am indebted to Mr. Bullen: the reading of "ripe" for "rich" in the

beautiful poem printed on the first page of his *Lyrics* (see p. 67 above). I have tried to punctuate the poems as rationally as I could: absolute consistency in this, or in stanzaic arrangement, I have not found possible; and I have modernized the spelling throughout, but without altering any old word which would be changed in sound or significance by a change of spelling. Thus in Spenser I have left "chapelet", and not written "chaplet" in its place, because the rhythm would suffer; and I have left words like "prease" when they come at the end of a line, and rhyme with some word with which "press" would not rhyme.

The limits of my selection have been fixed for me by the anthology of seventeenth-century poetry which has already appeared in this series: that selection includes no one born before 1570; mine, in consequence, no one born after 1570. Every poem that I have given I have given in its entirety. I think it is only in one instance, that of Sir Philip Sidney's "Bargain", that I have allowed myself to give a poem in the first, and not the final, form in which it appeared. I have made no attempt to be representative in my choice of poems, but only to choose, so far as I could, the best. Thus if names such as Surrey, Sir Edward Dyer, Sir John Davies, are not found in these pages, it is because I have not found any single poem in any one of them which seems to me worthy of a place among the best poetry of the period.

ONCE DID MY THOUGHTS BOTH EBB AND FLOW

p. 38. made out of wax, i.e. perfectly fitting.

YEA OR NAY

p. 69. then leave your boards, leave your tackings to and fro.

EPITHALAMION

p. 72. toad, torch.

p. 75. the coming of your joyous make, make = mate.

p. 78. the trembling crowd, crowd = fiddle.

NOTES

PERIGOT AND WILLY'S ROUNDELAY

- p.* 93. *gray is greet*, greet=to weep.
p. 94. *as they were wood*, wood=mad.
p. 95. *gride*=pierced.
p. 96. *prief*=proof.

OUR BLESSED LADY'S LULLABY

- p.* 111. *my livës joy*, livës=life's.

OF MISERY

- p.* 119. *Corpse*=body.

THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

- p.* 124. *sain*=say.

THE PILGRIMAGE

- p.* 133. *suckets*=sugar-plums.

SONNETS FROM ASTROPHEL AND STELLA—XXXIX

- p.* 151. *prease*=press.

LOVE'S LAWS

- p.* 182. *foster*=forester.

SPRING—"WHAT BIRD SO SINGS"

- p.* 183. *prick-song*, harmony pricked or written down.

THE THIRD PASTOR'S SONG

- p.* 189. *baulk*=bank.

SERPHENTIA'S CRADLE SONG

- p.* 212. *bliss*=bless.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

- p.* 221. *sithe*=time.

NOTES

THE BALLAD OF DOWSABILL

- p.* 273. *cleped* = called.
she was ycouened the leir = she knew the learning.
p. 274. *setyrnall* = valerian.
p. 275. *loke* = lock, fleece of wool.
bauzon = badger.
cordiavin = Spanish leather.
lingel = thread.
Cointree = Coventry.
p. 277. *blist* = blest.

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

- p.* 281. *threaves* = wheat-sheaves.
p. 288. *respas* = raspberry.

NYMPHIDIA

- p.* 292. *hays* = country dances.
p. 293. *aufte* = oaf.
p. 301. *lin* = stop.

